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SONGS IN THE NIGHT:

CONSISTING OF

Translations from the German,

ORIGINAL HYMNS, MEDITATIONS, AND METRICAL VERSIONS
OF SOME FEW OF THE PSALMS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY DURING ILLNESS, BY THE

REV. CHARLES T. ASTLEY,

VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, THANET.

"Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,—
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that, perchance, a faint gale of Thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song, may lead
One struggling spirit upward to Thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer,—for this alone
I pray Thee, O my God."

LONDON:

A. W. BENNETT, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

DUBLIN: M'GLASHEN AND GILL.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES.

1860.

* * * *The Profits of the First Edition to be divided
equally between the Church Missionary Society
and the British and Foreign Bible
Society, as a thank-offer-
ing for countless
mercies.*



TO THE PARISHIONERS

OF

St. John's, Margate,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



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P R E F A C E.

INSIGNIFICANT as this little volume is, I am unwilling to allow it to go forth into the world without a few words of preface—not to apologise for its appearance, or to deprecate criticism, but simply to give my reason for venturing to publish.

It is needless for me to say that I do not consider myself a poet, nor do I wish to be thought so; my motive for stepping thus deliberately into print is altogether of another kind. It is that I am earnestly desirous to unite my

humble voice with that of the Church's "great cloud of witnesses," testifying to the merciful kindness and faithfulness of our covenant God. True, I have nothing new to offer—no claims to originality of thought or expression; but I do not think any one need be deterred from publishing on that account, when he considers the wretched trash, in verse as well as in prose, with which countless book-stalls teem, and the eagerness with which the vilest stuff is swallowed by thousands who pass for intelligent men in the world. Sufficient, if what he is about to publish be readable, bears the stamp of truth, and is calculated in any degree to set forth and elucidate God's gracious dealings with His people.

The great majority of the following pieces were literally what the title indicates, "Songs

in the Night," "given" to me during a very severe illness of two months, and a longer period of convalescence at Pisa and Rome, in the winter and spring of 1858—9: and so great was the comfort I derived from these "gifts of God," that through many sleepless nights, and days of pain and weakness, I do not remember to have had one weary half-hour. May the reading of them, by the Divine blessing, be productive, in some measure, of the same comfort and alleviation of pain and weakness to others, as their composition afforded to myself. I cannot expect that this unpretending volume will be widely read; my hope and prayer is, that it may here and there find its way into some chamber of sickness, and if the Lord make it instrumental in shedding the faintest reflected ray of light in one such chamber, I shall be satisfied.

The original Hymns and Meditations are the accurate expressions of my own religious experience. They are the utterances of my deep and abiding self-abasement on account of my own utter sinfulness ; of my sense of the astonishing wonders of redeeming love ; of my full assurance of salvation—resting, not on anything in myself, but on the word and work of the Lord Jesus ; and of my almost unbroken peace and joy in believing in Him.

With regard to some of the expressions descriptive of my state before it “ pleased God to reveal His Son in me” by His unmerited and sovereign grace, I must offer one word of explanation, lest some should think that my early life was one of extraordinary vice and dissoluteness. Through God’s mercy it was not so. I was no better and no worse than the

ordinary run of so-called moral and well-principled young men. The language I have used simply describes my deep and ever-deepening sense of the natural corruption of my heart; so that knowing its dark chambers of imagery, whilst I only know the outward lives of others, I can say with the Apostle, without any reference to outward sins (though, in truth, I have "clouds"* of these to mourn over), "I am the chief of sinners." And permit me to say, my reader, that whoever you may be, and however pure your outward life may have been, your heart is naturally as corrupt as mine; nay, further, both mine and yours are as naturally corrupt as that of the most depraved. If you cannot accept this, believe me it is because you have not yet learnt fully to know yourself. May that knowledge be speedily vouchsafed to

* Isaiah xliv. 22.

you, for, strange paradox! you will never know true peace until you see in yourself cause only for despair. I would not, indeed, have you pore within for the attainment of self-knowledge. Rather be often found kneeling at the foot of the cross of Jesus, with the Holy Scriptures of truth in your hands. Contemplate, with prayer for the Spirit's teaching, all that Jesus was, and did and suffered. Seek to understand rightly why it was He suffered; and as the wondrous truth dawns upon you, that it was for your sins and in your stead that He, the Holy One and the Just, bled, and tasted the pains of hell in the hidings of the Father's face, and died; that, in one word, He was "made sin" for you, it will not be long before your eyes are opened to see all that you are in yourself, and all you deserve to suffer. Christ revealed in you, by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, will let you

down into the depths of your own heart's depravity ; and the lower you descend into those depths, the more you will be led to seek your peace, and joy, and comfort in Christ Jesus, and in Him alone, and seeking them there you will not seek in vain. You will find peace that passeth understanding, and joy unspeakable and full of glory ; and in all the multitude of your thoughts within you, in sickness or in health, in riches or in poverty, throughout your life, and as death with slow or rapid strides approaches, the comforts of a known and ever-present and Almighty Saviour will strengthen and refresh your soul.

CHARLES T. ASTLEY.

Jersey, December, 1859.

Hymns from the German.

“ Truly my soul waiteth upon God ; from Him cometh
my salvation.”—PSALM lxii. 1.

SON of the Father ! mighty Lord !

An answer to my prayer accord :

One thing I crave—that one bestow—

Let calm repose and heavenly peace,

Out of the fulness of Thy grace,

The trifles from my heart displace,

With which it ever doth o'erflow.

Thou markest all things everywhere ;
Thou ceasest not with loving care
 To speak to us sweet words and kind ;
But, ah ! so deafening is the din
Uprising from a world of sin,
No resting-place our hearts within
 Thy gentle words from heav'n can find.

Humbly, as Mary, at Thy feet,
Lord ! I would take my lowly seat,
 And in Thy words of love delight.
Cease vanity and proud self-will—
Poor—restless—trifling heart, be still—
Oh ! Friend of sinners, deign to fill
 My longing soul with holy light.

“ And He shall sit as a refiner, and purifier of silver.”—

MAL. iii. 3.

With patience the skilled miner
 Seeks out the precious ore ;
 With patience the refiner
 The furnace sits before :

Each, all of dross rejecting,
 And each, in glittering gold
 A rich reward expecting
 Of many an hundred-fold.

Since from the mine of Nature,
 Lord ! I've been sought by Thee,
 Watch o'er thine erring creature,
 And my refiner be.

Do with my heart Thy pleasure,
And mould it to Thy will,
Let but Thy heavenly treasure
All my affections fill.

Send trials without number,
Whene'er a need there be,
Lest I sink deep in slumber,
And wake up far from Thee.

Yes, keep the furnace heated,
And let my faith be tried,
If only Thou be seated,
My Saviour ! at my side.

Then, when Thou dost unravel
Thy work, when time shall cease,
Thou'lt see of Thy soul's travail
In my eternal peace.

An das Herz.

DIALS look upwards to the sun,
So be thy gaze a heavenward one ;
When thus the heart on God is stayed,
Progress with every beat is made ;
Trials of earth—dark woes and cares—
Unmoved unto the end it bears ;
No looking back with troubled gaze,
No anxious thought for future days,
Nor chill despair, nor passion's heat,
Disturbs its calm and even beat ;
It waits, with cheerfulness and peace,
The moment for the soul's release ;
And when that solemn hour is come,
'Tis tranquil still, and still unmoved,
For, leaning on the Lord beloved,
It foretastes its eternal home.

Trost im Gebet.

WHEN will this night be ended ?

 This night of grief and pain ?

And when shall I be tended

 By golden hours again ?

But hush ! this dark affliction

 Is Jesus' holy will,

And in my deep dejection

 He whispers, " Peace, be still."

Lord ! on my knees low bending

 I supplicate Thy grace,

And hope, my tears suspending,

 Beams on my dwelling-place ;

I see a bright light glowing

 Through sorrow's murky gloom ;

Thy love, my heart o'erflowing,

 Turns barrenness to bloom.

I feel my soul reviving
 Beneath this heavenly ray,
And holy angels guiding
 My feet to God to-day ;
Up in their arms they bear me,
 A deep, dark gulf across,
And plainly now and clearly
 I see earth's joys are dross.

Lord ! would that I could ever
 In spirit to Thee pray ;
Then from Thy precepts never
 My wandering feet should stray.
Then, too, though scorned, forsaken,
 And tossed by doubts and fears,
Thy word would daily waken
 New hopes to dry my tears.

PSALM XXIII.

THOU art my shepherd, Lord! Thy love possessing

I have in Thee the source of every blessing :
In pastures fair Thou dost my food provide ;
To living streams my footsteps Thou dost guide.
Yea more, for Thy name's sake my soul restoring,
Thou makest plain my path, free grace outpouring.

Though when Thou will'st the valley I must tread,

Which death o'ershades with lowering wings outspread,

Upheld by Thee I will no evil fear,

For none can harm if only Thou be near.

Though Thy rod chasten, Thy staff will strength afford,

On, then, I travel safe in Thy keeping, Lord !

My foes are countless, but before their faces
Thou dost a feast prepare in heavenly places ;
My head Thou dost anoint—my cup o'erfloweth
Each day with goodness, which Thy love
bestoweth,
And shall o'erflow till Thou life's thread dost
sever,
And take me to Thy heaven of love for ever.

Gebet um das Gebet.

WHEN I can pray,
 Without delay
 All distressing care grows light,
 Soon doth depart
 Sin's grievous smart,
 Whereby for many sad hours my heart
 Hath been sunk in deepest night.

When I can pray,
 In bright array
 Friendly angels on me wait,
 And smilingly
 They beckon me
 Up towards the fountain pure and free
 For all sins, however great.

When I can pray,
In bright array
Friendly angels wait on me,
Then to the place,
Whence beams of grace
Shine on me from the Father's face,
I can look up trustingly.

But whilst I speak
My faith is weak,
And my heart's no longer bold,
But humbled—torn—
Through grief forlorn,
It doth for sin in silence mourn,
'Mid the soul's night dark and cold.

My heart is faint,
And makes complaint,
Self-accusing—broken—sad ;

I see none near
To soothe and cheer,
And in my depth of pain I hear
No sweet words to make me glad.

Teach me to pray ;
Wash sin away ;
Then, Lord Jesus, with me dwell :
Thy love bestow ;
Thy mercy show ;
And let the raging Soul-thief know,
Thou art Lord of death and hell.

Teach me to pray ;
And oh ! each day
Help me in my sore distress ;
Show me Thy face,
Thou Rock of grace !
Who by Thy blood a path didst trace
To heaven through earth's wilderness.

Teach me to pray—
The wild war stay
Of the sins I now abhor ;
Waft me through tears,
Through doubts and fears,
To where the Father's presence cheers
His redeemed for evermore.

“ Es lebt ein Geist, durch welchen alles lebt.”

THERE is a Spirit—universal source
 Of life, and light, and motion,
 Through whom the glorious sun fulfils his
 course,
 And flowers lift up their golden heads in spring,
 Whilst feathered songsters make the groves to
 ring
 With their unbought devotion;

 Through whom that wondrous thing, the heart
 of man—
 The marvel of creation—
 With deep and earnest longing seeks to scan
 The secrets of that space where rides the sun,
 And moon and stars in their bright orbits run
 In silent adoration.

Spirit of spirits ! on my knees before Thee

I upward look inquiring ;

In deep, unuttered worship I adore Thee :

Look down from heaven, Thou everlasting light !

Upon this little beam, which day and night

Is after Thee aspiring.

This beam in me, by sovereign love bestowed,

To make me a new creature,

Longs to return to Thee, whence first it flowed ;

Longs for Thy glorious presence to be meet,

To stand before Thee perfect and complete

In Thine own heavenly nature.

Spirit of spirits ! draw me up I pray,

That, of Thyself partaking,

I may Thy glories share in endless day ;

Oh ! draw me upwards with Thy loving hand,

That I may enter heaven, my Fatherland,

When from the grave awaking.

“*Flieg aus.*”

WAKE up, my gentle song !

Unfold thy bright wing,
And when joy departeth,
Then cheerily sing.

No heart has the cold world

For joys not its own,
And therefore deep heart-grief
Mourns ever alone.

When grief thus indulges

Her sadness and pain,
Bright days of youth, my song !
Recal thou again.

Sing of a playful child

'Mid the field-flowers,
And when tears gently fall
In glistening showers,

Then in sweet numbers tell
The loved mother's care,
Who piously taught the child
To lisp its first prayer.

And, when Grief suspecteth
Whence comes all her woe,
Why the heart is so weary,
And why burdened so,

To scenes widely differing
In tender notes glide,
There on the Cross hanging,
Show Jesus who died.

Then when Grief kneels in prayer,
With one joyous strain
Ceasing thy task, my song!
Thy wing fold again.

PSALM IV. 4.

“Sei still zu Gott.”

BE still! Whoe'er in God doth rest,
Hath peace in every woe,
Treading with free unruffled breast
This weary life below.

Be still in faith! The ways of heaven
Man may not now explore;
Walk closely in the light that's given,
And God will give thee more.

Be still in love! Be calmly bright,
As dew that falls at even,
And glistens in the morning light,
Like countless pearls from heaven.

Be still in thy set work! nor strive
For riches, honour, power;
Thy daily bread the Lord will give
Sufficient for the hour.

Be still in pain! "God's will be done—"
Let this thy watchword be;
Bear well His strokes, for know each one
His likeness stamps on thee.

In die stille.

FROM the world's loud din at even
Retire, as Jesus did, for prayer ;

Rest beneath the vault of heaven
In sweet retirement and in prayer.

Dost thou mourn thy many sins ?
For pardon plead in secret prayer ;

Oft the work of grace begins,
In stillness, solitude, and prayer.

Doth thy heart for knowledge yearn ?
Retire, and seek thy God in prayer ;

There shalt thou true wisdom learn,
By communing with God in prayer.

Have men treated thee with scorn?
Self-knowledge seek in earnest prayer;
Love and lowliness return,
With knowledge of ourselves, in prayer.

Yes! seek balm for every wound,
By communing with God in prayer;
Joy and peace are only found
By finding God in Christ through prayer.

“ And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place ! This is none other but the House of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”—GEN. xxviii. 16, 17.

WHERE is thy Bethel, where the world's control
Doth cast no blighting shadow on thy soul ?

Where God's pure word, as once to Jacob's
heart,

Heaven's dew of blessing doth to thee impart ?

Christian beloved ! where may thy Bethel be ?

Ah ! 'tis thy closet that is such to thee.

'Tis there that Jesus visits thee with power,

And fills thy soul with peace from hour to hour ;

There, from His wounds distilling heavenly balm,

He makes thy wounded spirit whole and calm.

Yes ! readily the faithful Lord doth come,

And make thy closet His abiding home.

Cease, then, thy grief—thy needless trouble
cease ;

The Lord is thine ; be this thy joy, thy peace.

The Lord is thine ; then far from worldly strife,
Wait in thy closet on the Lord of life.

Though Lord of worlds, He will to thee draw
near,

And to thy comfort say, “ My peace be here.”

Thus to His people, through the closed door,
The Saviour enters as He did of yore ;

And nearer yet He comes, for there's a place

He with His presence better loves to grace,

Small though it be : Christian ! thou know'st
it well ;

'Tis in thy heart that Jesus loves to dwell.

Weihnachts Lied.

THE blessed Christ is coming,
God's well-beloved Son ;
The angels are rejoicing,
Who stand around the throne.
Now let the earth accord
In loud hosannahs raising,
And with the angels praising
The advent of our Lord.

The light from heaven is breaking ;
The long night's passed away ;
The dead in sin, awaking,
Long for the perfect day.
'Truth and mercy blended,
Opening wide heaven's portals,
Proclaim to weary mortals
Sin's dominion ended.

Now let none mourn hopelessly
The loss of earthly love,
For, the mourner's " All " to be,
Christ comes from heaven above.
'Tis in His heart that each,
From the guilty stains of sin
By His precious blood made clean,
Eternal joy should reach.

Then, ye orphans ! far and near,
Haste to the Father's throne ;
For the blessed Jesu there
Will mark you for His own.
Sweetly thence and daily,
He thus calls from morn to even,
Holding wide the gates of heaven,
" Ye mourners, come to me ! "

Das neue Jahr.

FAST fly the years, they know no rest ;
 One thing alone no change can shake—
 One thing—'tis God for ever blest ;
 God—who His own will ne'er forsake.

God, who His own will ne'er forsake,
 But helps them as a chosen band,
 And closer to His heart doth take
 When chastening with a Father's hand.

The years are new, the years grow old,
 But God abides both old and new :
 New in His love, which ne'er grows cold,
 Old in His truth and patience too.

And, if these fruits of grace be ours,
 This thought will cheer, (as years decline,
 And bring hoar hairs and failing powers,)
 " I am the Lord's, and He is mine."

Emmanuel—Gott mit uns,

“ God with us ! ” In flesh, combining
God and man, the Word was seen ;
Full of love, on sinners shining,
Came the child of heavenly mien.
See fierce men before His face,
Worshipping, subdued by grace.

“ God with us ! ” with us sojourning ;
Let the dark world hear the sound :
“ God with us ! ” the desert turning
Into blooming garden-ground.
God has come, earth’s curse to bear,
That the earth His crown may share.

SURSUM CORDA.

WHAT seekest thou? Why fearest thou?

My poor, restless, burdened heart!

Why troubled so? since, here below,

None are free from sorrow's smart.

Wilt thou possess in blessedness

Gifts which rust and moth defy?

Look up from earth; seek that new birth,

Which endures unchangeably.

Dost wish to love? Seek Christ above;

None can with His worth compare:

Unsinning still endure His will,

Till thou dost His likeness bear.

Wrestle in prayer, shun every snare,

Till vain earth-joys cease to please;

Look to the Lord, till He afford

From the world's woe rest and ease.

Great is the pain, until there reign
Faith and constancy within ;
Till lowliness, and holiness,
Over self the victory win.

My heart be still ! oh, might Thy will
Ever, Gracious Lord ! be mine :
So let it be ; then mightily
Will I praise Thy name divine.

Reichthum in Christo.

OH, Jesus ! had'st Thou not brought near
Light and salvation by Thy grace,
My heart had known no portion here,
No love had cheered my dwelling-place.

Had'st Thou not agonized and bled,
My soul from Satan to redeem,
Naught else across my path had shed
Of true heart-joy the faintest gleam.

Had'st Thou as God no victory gained,
Being made, by dying, death's conquering
Lord,
I had for evermore remained
Bound by death's galling threefold cord.

But Thou hast shown Thy love, and now
That love is all in all to me ;
And, though 'neath many a cross I bow,
My lot is fallen pleasantly.

I know I can on earth desire
No better portion than Thy love ;
Naught else can I in death require,
Naught else in heaven's bright courts above.

Thee, therefore, do I love alone ;
Thee will I love whilst life is mine ;
And, when I stand before Thy throne,
I'll love Thee with a love like thine.

Wir sind des Herrn.

“ WE are the Lord’s.” His all-sufficient merit,
 Sealed on the Cross, to us this grace accords;
 “ We are the Lord’s,” and all things shall inherit;
 Whether we live or die, “ We are the Lord’s.”

“ We are the Lord’s.” Then let us gladly tender
 Our souls to Him in deeds, not empty words;
 Let heart, and tongue, and life combine to render
 No doubtful witness that “ We are the Lord’s.”

“ We are the Lord’s.” No darkness brooding o’er us
 Can make us tremble, whilst this star affords
 A steady light along the path before us—
 Faith’s full assurance that “ We are the Lord’s.”

“ We are the Lord’s.” No evil can befall us
 In the dread hour of life’s fast-loosening cords;
 No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
 Death we shall vanquish, for “ We are the Lord’s.”

KYRIE QUOTIDIANUM.

FATHER ! whose love doth ne'er grow cold,
 Our trouble and distress behold :
 Behold how sin, through Adam's fall,
 In ruin hath involved us all.
 Spare us ! oh, spare us ! and forgive,
 And in Thy Son now let us live ;

Spare us, good Lord !

Oh, Jesu ! Lord of heavenly grace !
 The marks of our sad loss efface.
 We look to none save only Thee ;
 Make us from sin and sorrow free,
 And let Thy blood, on Calvary spilt,
 Cleanse us from every stain of guilt ;

Cleanse us, good Lord !

Oh, Holy Spirit ! on us shine ;
Draw forth the fruits of discipline :
Let songs of praise our lips employ,
And fill our hearts with peace and joy ;
Daily our wavering footsteps guide,
And with us to the end abide—

In mercy, Lord !

Sabbaths-feier.

WELCOME, sweet day of sacred rest and peace !

I greet thy dawning with glad notes of praise ,
Thou dost my life from toil and cares release,
Dost bless and sweeten all the other days.

Thou, as a means of grace, by God art given,
Thou art a ray of glory sent from heaven,

To drive earth's clouds of trouble far away.
On thee unfettered up to God I rise,
And heaven's glad life more fully realize,
The bliss foretasting of th' eternal day.

A MORNING HYMN.

WELCOME, lovely dawn ! to me,
Which art slowly breaking ;
Welcome, all that comes with thee,
From my first awaking.

Yes ! should sorrow mark thy course,
Since 'tis love that sends it,
Welcome sorrow from that source,
For great gain attends it.

And if sorrow welcome be
From a dear hand that floweth,
Doubly, doubly sweet to me
The joy that hand bestoweth.

But, I trow, no hand more dear
Exists in all creation,
'Than the hand which hath brought near
Unto all salvation.

'Tis Jehovah Jesu's hand,
 Stretched forth in love and power—
Power, all Nature to command ;
 Love, man to bless each hour.

This hand alone doth give or stay
 Each day's joy or sorrow ;
Welcome, then, what comes to-day,
 And again to-morrow.

On this hand of power and love
 Leaning, nought can harm me ;
Nothing can my peace remove,
 Nothing can alarm me.

Welcome, then, sweet day ! to me,
 Which art just awaking,
Welcome all that comes with thee,
 Though it be heart-breaking.

A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Oh, gracious God ! Thy children come before
Thee

With overflowing gladness to adore Thee ;
And though, 'tis true, with stammering lips
they pray,

Thou wilt not turn away ;
For Thou dost ever understand the sense
Of childhood's half-formed words and broken
utterance.

Just as from earth exhaling vapours rise
Up towards the sun that draws them, so our
cries,

Though broken, incoherent, reach Thine ear,
And each one Thou dost hear ;

Well too Thou knowest all the thoughts that
 sleep
 Far down within the caverns of the heart's
 great deep.

These thoughts Thou drawest upwards to Thy
 throne
 In heavenly longings, marked by Thee alone ;
 Longings with heaven's seraphic choir to raise
 The voice attuned to praise ;
 To celebrate Thy goodness and Thy love,
 For ever and for ever in the courts above.

Thou great Jehovah ! whom 'tis life to know,
 Who fillest heaven above and earth below,
 Give us a child-like spirit, meek and mild,
 Holy and undefiled ;
 Give us in Thy blest service joy and peace ;
 Oh, give us from all sin and from all doubts to
 cease.

Give us a childlike trust in Thy pure word ;

Childlike simplicity of faith afford ;

Make us to grow in holiness and grace,

Until we end our race ;

And then, the confines of the grave being past,

Open the gates of heaven and take us home at
last.

FROM THE LATIN OF AMBROSE BONWICKE.

HAVE faith in God ; be oft in prayer ;
Shun every sin with jealous care.
Be ever humble ; peace pursue ;
Seek not for some great thing to do.
Be swift to hear, and slow to speak ;
For knowledge diligently seek.
To those above thee deference show,
And kindness unto those below ;
To all thine equals courteous be,
And bear their failings patiently.
Do thine own business ; keep thy word ;
From no right action be deterred.
Stretch forth a brother's hand to bless
The poor and needy in distress.
When called to suffer grief or pain,
From fretful murmurings abstain.

In all things here, whate'er thy lot,
Oh, never be the end forgot—
The end? Thy death? No! life in heaven;
For this earth's discipline is given,
To draw thee to the Saviour's feet,
And make thee for His presence meet.

ORIGINAL HYMNS

AND

MEDITATIONS.

A MORNING HYMN.

OH, Lord of lords ! Eternal King !

To Thee we raise
Our morning sacrifice of praise,
And our glad offerings bring.

To Thee our grateful thanks we give
For mercies past ;
Mercies unmerited and vast,
By which alone we live.

To Thee we lift our hearts in prayer :
Oh, give us grace
To seek with earnestness Thy face,
Spurning the gay world's glare !

Go with us to our labour, Lord !
Whate'er it be,
Humbly we offer it to Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

Teach us Thy easy yoke to bear;
And upward draw
Our hearts to make Thy word our law,
Thy will our only care.

And as the daisy on the lawn
With steadfast eye
Looks ever upward to the sky,
E'en from the earliest dawn—

Teach us, from morn to latest even,
Whilst labouring still
On earth our duty to fulfil,
To fix our gaze on heaven.

Watch over us throughout the day;
We need not fear
Our deadliest foe, whilst Thou art near
To guide and guard our way.

Let Thy free Spirit's mighty power
Our souls possess,
That we may grow in holiness
And faith, from hour to hour.

And when at night we seek repose,
On bended knee
We would commit our souls to Thee,
Before our eyes we close.

Thus ever, from sin's bondage freed,
Be it our aim,
To glorify our Saviour's name,
In word, and thought, and deed.

Thus be it ours, good Lord ! to spend
Our days for Thee ;
And grant that we at length may see
The day that knows no end.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”—1 COR. ii. 9.

WHAT wondrous beauties, day by day,
The earth, and sea, and sky display !
What glories, too, are seen by night,
When moon and stars are shining bright !
But there exist, beyond the sky,
Glories ne'er seen by mortal eye.

What melody oft greets the ear,
Of Zion's weary pilgrims here !
Nor least, when saints in concert sing
The praises of their heavenly King :
But it has ne'er to man been given,
To hear the melody of heaven.

Great is the power bestowed on man,
Earth to subdue, the heavens to scan ;
Within his mind what thoughts abound !
What wisdom in its depths profound !
But none on earth have ever known
The joy of saints before the throne.

And are such things prepared for me,
Though full of all iniquity ?
Such sights, and sounds, and joys above,
The purchase of redeeming love ?
Yes, Lord ! I shall Thy gifts receive,
For Thou hast given me to believe.

A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION.

COUNTLESS are the hours I've wasted ;

Many, too, I still do waste ;

Though I know that Jesus tasted

Death, that death I might not taste.

Oh, to deny myself, and be,

Lord Jesus ! made more like to Thee.

Would that I the chain could sever

Of these sins that vex my heart ;

That I might, my Saviour ! never,

Never more from Thee depart ;

That I could take and keep my seat,

Like Mary, ever at Thy feet.

But I'm, alas ! so full of sin,
 I'm so often drawn astray,
 Passions and lusts so reign within,
 Driving holy thoughts away,
 That sometimes it doth seem to me
 I have no part, O Lord ! in Thee.

Yet, my Saviour ! though Thou slay me,
 I will still on Thee rely ;
 With my latest breath I'll pray Thee,
 " Look on me with pitying eye ;"
 For on none other can I roll
 The burden of my guilty soul.

Let my heart no longer cherish
 Sins which rob me of my peace :
 Save me, Lord ! or I must perish ;
 Bid assailing foes to cease.
 Oh, let my heart Thy Spirit fill,
 And daily mould me to Thy will.

ON RETURNING FROM A SAINT'S DEATH-BED.

THE race of this short life is run ;
The conflict's o'er, the victory's won ;
The ransomed soul has passed away
To realms that do not need the sun
To foster life, or cheer the sight,
Or turn the darkness into day.
Those happy realms have no dark night ;
No sorrow, sickness, or decay :
The Lamb is their unchanging light,
Their life, their health, their joy, their all in all—
Lord Jesus ! make me ready for Thy call.

A COMPLAINT.

LORD ! I am vile, my heart each day
Seems harder than before ;
The more I seek Thy quickening ray,
I feel my deadness more.

I know Thou art of purer eyes
Than evil to behold,
And yet my stony heart defies
The truth so plainly told.

Thou'rt near my path, about my bed,
No thought escapes Thy gaze ;
I know this, yet am daily led
In sin and error's ways.

The tempter, with consummate art,
Doth lead me at his will ;
I daily fall beneath his dart,
Yet am unwatchful still.

“ 'Tis but a little one,” he pleads ;

“ 'Tis but for once, though wrong :”

And thus too often he succeeds,

And drags my soul along.

Lord ! make me watchful 'gainst the foe,

Who seeks my soul to kill ;

Go with me, wheresoe'er I go,

And holy thoughts instil.

Make me to take delight in prayer,

And in Thy holy word,

That I the peace and joy may share,

Thy service doth afford.

Make me to taste the blessedness

Of knowing sin forgiven ;

Clothe me with Jesu's righteousness,

And make me meet for heaven.

“ Not from the dust my joys or sorrows spring.”

Not from the dust my joys or sorrows spring,
Let every source of evil shed
Its baneful influence round my head,
That baneful influence I defy,
Because the God of Gods, th' Eternal King,
Has promised in His word to guide me with
His eye.

Too long have other lords my heart and will
controlled,
Whilst Jesus lovingly has sought to mould
My stubborn will, my heart to hold.

Hence from me, ye base idols ! flee,
Earth's sounding names of vanity !
No more my tongue shall sacrifice
To Satan's countless refuges of lies,
The man who trusts the Lord alone is truly wise.

Jesus ! my all-sufficient good ;
My heart's deliberate choice ;
In Thee my soul's desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

“GOD OF GLORY! GOD OF POWER!”

God of glory! God of power!
Who my life, from hour to hour,
Dost sustain with tender care,
Listen to my humble prayer.
Wake me up from wrath to flee;
By Thy light enlighten me.

'Tis in Thee I live and move,
Warm me by Thy beams of love;
Through Thy word Thy grace impart
To renew and cleanse my heart;
Wash me in the crimson tide
Streaming from the Saviour's side.

Give me faith, that I may see
That pure blood was shed for me ;
Living faith, that in return
I with holy zeal may burn ;
And may walk, from day to day,
In the Christian's narrow way.

To my home I forward press,
Through life's thorny wilderness ;
Holy Father ! lead me on,
By Thy Spirit, through Thy Son ;
Till with all Thy saints I stand
Clad in light at Thy right hand.

A RETROSPECT.

IN youth I wandered long and far
In sin's deceitful ways ;
Self-pleasing was one guiding star,
Another—human praise.

A burning stream of base desires,
Of lusts and passions vile,
Fed from within by secret fires,
Did all my thoughts defile.

Until, to quench this deadly flood,
My heart, its source, to heal,
The Lord a fountain filled with blood
Before me did reveal.

He led me to the brimming tide,
“ Wash, and be clean,” He said,
“ This blood came forth from Jesu’s side,
“ Who died to save the dead.

“ The dead in trespasses and sins,
“ This blood to life awakes ;
“ Their hearts from Satan’s power it wins,
“ And the world’s thralldom breaks.”

“ Wash, and be clean,” He said again,
In loving words and mild.
I plunged—I rose without a stain,
Jehovah’s new-born child.

And though my fleshly heart is still
Rebellious—stubborn—cold,
The Lord will shelter me from ill,
Safe in the Saviour’s fold.

For He is pledged to lead me on,
To a bright home above ;
And, when my earthly race is run,
To crown me with His love.

Let others, then, take anxious thought,
Be filled with doubts and fears ;
Faith gives the peace which Jesus bought,
And dries up all my tears.

“The Lord will give grace and glory.”—PSALM lxxxiv. 14.

O LORD! I look to Thee ;
To Thee lift up my heart ;
In heaven I would Thy glory see,
Now, therefore, grace impart.

Grace, to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew.

Grace, every hour to bend
My stubborn will to Thine,
Till I, in heart and mind, ascend
To where the angels shine.

Grace, that I ever may
Walk humbly with my God,
And choose the self-renouncing way
The lowly Jesus trod.

Grace, to each stroke to bow,
Gladly each cross to bear,
That, suffering with the Saviour now,
I soon His joy may share.

Grace, to be kind to all ;
All to forbear in love ;
Gently to deal with those that fall,
Like Him who reigns above.

Grace, even to my foes
In tenderness to speak,
And though they wrong me and oppose,
To be like Jesus—meek.

Grace, to be pure in mind ;
Pure, too, in word and deed ;
To heavenly joys alone inclined,
And from earth's bondage freed.

Grace, onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow—
Christ's crown of righteousness.

Lord ! give me this rich grace !
Oh, give Thyself to me,
That I may dwell before Thy face,
And all Thy glory see !

JESUS OUR PATTERN.

By Thy condescension, Lord !
By Thy deep humility,
When, become th' Incarnate Word,
In the manger Thou didst lie ;
By Thy glory laid aside,
Humble all my hateful pride.

By the yoke upon Thee placed
Long in Joseph's lowly home,
Whilst 'twas by Thy presence graced,
Till Thy hour for work had come ;
Teach me Thy light yoke to take,
And to bear it for Thy sake.

By the truth, from heaven revealed,
 Of Thy perfect sinlessness,
 When to baptism Thou didst yield
 To fulfil all righteousness :
 By th' anointing of the Dove,
 Baptize my spirit from above.

By Thy pure heart's sore distress,
 In that dark, mysterious hour,
 When the lonely wilderness
 Witnessed the foul tempter's power :
 By thy vict'ries there thrice gained,
 Through the written Word obtained,—

Jesu ! arm me with that Word ;
 Let it in me richly dwell ;
 'Tis the Holy Spirit's sword,
 To destroy the powers of hell :
 And do Thou Thyself abide
 With strong succour at my side.

By Thy days of toil and care,
Self-forgetting in Thy zeal ;
By those long nights spent in prayer,
Wrestling for Thy people's weal ;
Break the reign of self in me,
Let Thy life my pattern be.

By Thy loving sympathy,
Prompt each tale of woe to hear ;
Prompt to answer every cry ;
Prompt to shed the pitying tear ;
Hardness from my heart remove,
Fill me with like tender love.

By that night of agony,
By the bitterness of woe,
Which in dark Gethsemane
Caused Thy sweat of blood to flow ;
Let me ne'er unmindful be,
Thou didst agonize for me.

By Thy willingness to drink
 To the dregs the cup prepared,
 (Though Thou from the shame didst shrink,)

That from wrath I might be spared ;
 Make me willing, Lord ! to share
 Thy reproach—Thy cross to bear.

By the anguish of that day,
 When, a sacrifice for me,
 Thou didst bear my sin away,
 Hanging on th' accursed tree ;
 Let me watch, and pray, and strive,
 Lest that anguish I revive.

By Thy finished work of love ;
 By Thy resurrection power ;
 By Thy glorious throne above,
 Whence rich blessings Thou dost shower;
 Jesu ! let Thy work appear,
 Wrought in me as daylight clear ;
 Pardon—cleansing—healing—give,
 That for ever I may live.

“ How sweet is a morsel of bread to the poor ! ”

How sweet is a morsel of bread to the poor,
When sinking with hunger, and ready to
die !

Better sweetness in Jesus all—all may secure,
Who feed on His word—on His promise rely.

How grateful is water, fresh drawn from the
well,
To the traveller all thirsty, and weary, and
faint !

So Jesus—the water of life—doth dispel
The thirst of each wayworn and struggling
saint.

What words can describe the warm glow of
delight,

Which thrills through the shipwreckèd
mariner's breast,

When the life-boat with succour first breaks on
his sight,

And now bears him away to a haven of rest?

Just such is the joy which the bosom o'erflows
Of the sinner all wrecked upon life's stormy
wave,

When the Spirit to faith doth the Saviour
disclose,

In tenderness coming to seek and to save.

Lord Jesus! Thyself as my portion bestow;

Let me feed upon Thee, the true manna
from heaven;

Let the water of life, too, my heart overflow,

That I freely may give as Thou freely hast
given.

Dwell in me, and with me for ever abide ;

Be the life-boat to bear me on this world's
rough sea,

That safe o'er the billows I daily may glide,

Till I reach the fair haven appointed for me.

PSALM I.

THRICE blest is he,
Who ne'er the broad and downward path hath
trod,
That leads away from happiness and God
To endless misery.

He who doth make
The Lord's pure word his source of chief delight;
His rule by day, and each succeeding night
Doth from it counsel take ;

Like a fair tree,
That stretches forth its boughs beside the river,
With strength which no fierce storms can blast
or shiver,
So shall he ever be.

He stands secure
 From sin's deceits, and Satan's blighting snares ;
 And, all unchecked by dark corroding cares,
 His fruit is ever sure.

But for the rest—
 The wayward crowd of sinners deaf and blind—
 They are like scattered chaff before the wind,
 As fruitless as unblest.

They shall not stand
 With the bright hosts who palms and crowns
 have won,
 And hymn th' eternal praise of God's dear Son,
 With golden harps in hand.

Stay, then, your hearts,
 Ye righteous ! on the Lord from day to day,
 For He doth mark and order all your way,
 And needful grace imparts.

And ye who scorn
The proffered riches of the Saviour's grace,
Oh ! lest ye perish, turn and seek His face,
Ere breaks the judgment-morn.

PSALM II.

WHY rage the heathen with infuriate hate?

Why do their breasts with vain thoughts
overflow?

Why are their rulers met in fierce debate?

Whilst crowds tumultuous hasten to and fro?

'Tis 'gainst the Lord's Anointed they unfurl

The rebel banner of contempt and pride;

Down from His throne of glory they would hurl

Their Lord and King, the sinner's Friend
and Guide.

Hark to the words of burning scorn they speak!

“ This low-born man shall never o'er us reign;

“ Come, let us from our necks His bondage
break,

“ Nor longer wear His galling, hateful chain.”

But vain the malice flashing from their eyes ;
 Vain all their efforts to escape His ire ;
 He sits in glory throned beyond the skies,
 And laughs to scorn each impotent desire.

Despite of their rebellion, He hath set
 His King of Saints on Zion's holy hill ;
 And never will His faithful word forget,
 His promise unto all who do His will.

With calm resolve He doth His plans unfold,
 And all events but further His decree ;
 His purpose stands as purposed of old,
 And shall endure to all eternity.

Come, listen, whilst that purpose I declare,
 Which ne'er shall change, nor ever pass away :
 The Lord, before the world's foundation sware,
 " Thou art my Son, begotten on this day.

“ Thou art my Son, the heir of all that’s mine ;
 “ The heathen and their lands I give to Thee ;
 “ To the earth’s utmost bound, all—all are thine,
 “ And every knee shall bow and worship Thee.

“ To those that gladly to Thy sceptre yield,
 “ Thy yoke shall easy be, thy burden light ;
 “ But o’er the heads of rebels Thou shalt wield
 “ A rod of iron—ruling in Thy might.”

Know then, ye rulers ! if the Son ye spurn,
 And worship idols, and false gods obey,
 The Lord’s fierce anger will against you burn,
 And ye shall perish from the righteous way.

Be, therefore, wise ; turn from base things of
 earth,
 And kiss the Son in homage and in love ;
 Then shall ye taste His great, His matchless
 worth,
 And all the sweetness of His service prove.

Yes ! all who serve Him humbly, and in faith,
Willing His cup to drink, His cross to bear,
His promised peace shall know through life, in
death,
And after death His blessedness shall share.

“ The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him,
and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and
he shall dwell between His shoulders.” — DEUT.
xxxiii. 12.

CHRISTIAN ! what though thy path be steep ?

What though it oft seem dark and drear ?

Thou hast no cause to sit and weep,

For Jesu's near.

Thou art beloved of the Lord ;

By Him thou shalt in safety dwell,

If thou but trust His faithful word,

All will be well.

Though countless foes around thee throng,

The Lord, with His uplifted arm,

Thy head will cover all day long,

And shield from harm.

Should sunshine cease, and tempest lower,
And ill on ill thy steps attend,
Jesu will shelter thee each hour,
E'en to the end.

Yea! e'en as doth a mother's love
Watch o'er her babe with fond caress,
Jesu will watch thee from above,
In tenderness.

And when He sees thee weak and worn,
And fainting 'neath earth's many woes,
On high between His shoulders borne,
Thou shalt repose.

Take courage, then, dear child of God!
Let Jesu's love thy fears dispel,
Since He hath bought Thee with His blood,
All must be well.

PSALM III.

O LORD ! how thickly gather
My foes about my path !
They daily rise against me
In hatred and in wrath ;
And with malicious words declare
That for my soul Thou dost not care.

Yet is my faith unshaken,
Nor is my gladness fled,
Since Thou, my shield, my glory,
Dost still lift up my head ;
For when I called upon Thy name,
From Zion's hill swift succour came.

My head upon my pillow
I lay in calm repose,
And wake me up each morning,
In peace despite my foes ;
For angels at Thy bidding keep
Their watches o'er me while I sleep.

I'll therefore fear no evil,
Though enemies increase,
And thousands upon thousands
Unite against my peace ;
For Thou hast broken down the power
Of all who would my soul devour.

Up, Lord ! and help Thy servant ;
Preserve me from all harm ;
To Thee belongs salvation,
Uphold me with Thine arm ;
Give me the bliss Thy saints enjoy,
Then shall Thy praise my tongue employ.

“For we have not an High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.”—
HEB. iv. 15.

WHEN pain is seated on the brow,
Or sorrow on the heart descends,
How sweet a balm to soothe our woe
Is sympathy of loving friends.

But friends are few, nor can be always nigh,
May change—may weary grow—at length
must die.

But there's a friend of mortal birth
And heavenly origin in one,
Who lived and suffered on the earth
For all the ill that man has done;
Sinless He suffered to redeem from sin,
And by His wondrous love our love to win.

He suffered all that man deserves,
 Himself deserving only love,
 And joy, and peace, and all that serves
 To gladden God's bright realms above;
 He suffered from the cradle to the grave,
 Deep waters rolling o'er Him wave on wave.

Man's earthly sufferings He bore,
 Poverty, and neglect, and pain ;
 Dark sorrows, too, His bosom tore ;
 And on His cheek was seen the stain
 Of scalding tears ; and the foul tempter's dart
 Stung to the core His holy, guileless heart.

Man's hell of suffering He took,
 And made His own on Calvary :
 Turn, hardened sinner ! turn and look ;
 That untold anguish was for thee.
 He bore thy hell of woe that thou might'st share
 Heaven's bliss with Him, His brother and
 co-heir.

He suffered unto death, and lay

Three days within the earth's dark womb ;

The third—His grave-clothes cast away—

He rose triumphant o'er the tomb ;

And now on high, well knowing all our need,

He lives the merits of HIS death to plead.

He lives—He pleads unceasingly,

Our great High Priest before the throne ;

Our brother for adversity,

Making our every grief His own ;

The friend of sinners, who with heavenly balm

Can heal each wound, and make each bosom
calm.

His kind compassions never fail ;

He counts our tears, He marks our sighs ;

For, though far off within the veil,

He still is near to sympathize.

He feels for all, however low their lot,

And whilst earth's friendships change, He
changeth not.

Whoe'er may weary, He bestows

His constant care upon each saint ;

And, though He seem His ear to close,

Himself hath told us not to faint.

And all who wait on Him in earnest prayer,

Shall find Him near, their every load to bear.

Yes ! all who call on Him in need

His loving-kindness shall secure ;

None can His merits vainly plead,

And all His promises are sure.

Dost ask, poor sinner ! who this friend may be,

To whom thou mayest in each trouble flee ?

Jehovah Jesus is His name ;

Jehovah ! self-existing Lord :

This day abiding still the same,

As, ere angelic hosts adored,

He was in heaven from all eternity,

And unto all eternity shall be.

When pain is seated on thy brow,
Or sorrows fill thy aching heart,
Turn to this friend ; whate'er thy woe,
He will true sympathy impart,
Which ne'er shall change, grow weary, or decay.
Turn to this friend, and wait on Him, and pray.

PSALM IV.

OH, Lord ! my God ! my righteousness !

To Thee I look ; on Thee I call ;
For, when I was in deep distress,
Thy hand did succour, rescue, bless.

Then hear me now, my strength ! my all !
On Thee I cast all present care,
Vouchsafe an answer to my prayer.

How long, ye sons of men ! how long
Will ye blaspheme the mighty Lord,
To whom both grace and power belong,
Who is my glory and my song ?

How long will ye your hearts accord
To vanity, deceit, and guile,
And all that's earthly, sensual, vile ?

Poor worldlings ! hearken unto me.

The godly are Jehovah's choice ;
And He hath chosen them to be
His own for all eternity.

I know this, and in this rejoice ;
For, though of saints the least of all,
The Lord doth answer when I call.

Then stand in awe. Cease, cease from sin ;

From pride and from rebellion cease :
Retiring from the world's loud din,
Commune with self—look well within :

Turn humbly to the Prince of Peace ;
Plead His accepted righteousness,
And God will pardon, welcome, bless.

Still hear the worldling thus repine :

“ Who will some present good bestow ? ”
Lord ! cause Thy face on me to shine ;
Not all the corn, and oil, and wine,
Nor the unnumbered fruits that grow,

Such happiness can give to me,
As when I seek my good in Thee.

By Thy behest my cup o'erflows
With countless mercies day by day ;
And when at night I seek repose,
In peace I can my eyelids close,
Casting all needless fear away.
For since I am of Thee possessed,
In perfect safety I can rest.

“ The Lord ! the Lord God, merciful and gracious.”

OH, Lord ! how merciful Thou art !

How full of love to one so vile !

Thou dost all needful grace impart,

And cheer me with a Father's smile.

In health, when tempted to forget

That Thou would'st have Thy people clean,

Full oft hast Thou in mercy set

A hedge between me and some sin.

And, when in sickness or in grief

My heart has murmured or repined,

Thou hast rebuked my unbelief

By coming down my wounds to bind.

Oft, when in darkness I have walked,
And doubts and fears have filled my breast,
Thy Word unto my heart hath talked,
And I have trusted and found rest.

Deal with me, Lord ! as Thou hast done ;
Let not Thy loving kindness cease,
Until, my earthly race being run,
Death from earth's conflict brings release.

Until, my body laid aside,
I yield my spirit unto Thee ;
Made meet before Thee to abide
Throughout a blest eternity.

Made meet by sovereign grace to wear
The crown of glory in the skies,
Which Thou with all Thy saints wilt share,
When summoned from their graves they rise.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WELCOME to this joyful morn !
For to us a Child is born ;
Unto us a Son is given,
Pledge of love from highest heaven.

Though of David's royal stem,
Born in royal Bethlehem,
See Him in a manger laid,
Child of humble Jewish maid.

In that cell, to mortal eyes,
Naught but mortal weakness lies ;
But th' angelic hosts declare
Christ, the anointed Lord, is there.

Christ ! foreseen by them of old ;
Christ, the Saviour ! long foretold.
Jesus ! the incarnate Word ;
David's Son, yet David's Lord.

Wonderful in counsel He !
Father of eternity !
Mighty God ! and Prince of Peace !
Whose dominion ne'er shall cease.

All His glory laid aside,
He is come to be our guide ;
Come to point the narrow way
To the realms of endless day.

He is come for us to die,
Bringing thus salvation nigh ;
Pardon, joy, and peace to all,
Who in faith upon Him call.

Let us, then, glad homage pay ;
Let us cast our fears away :
For to us a Son is given,
Pledge of love from highest heaven.

“ And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—REV. xxii. 17.

How full, and free, and gracious, Lord !
 The invitations of Thy word ;
 Thou biddest all who thirst to come,
 And taste the joys of Thy eternal home.

Lord ! make me thirst, I pray ;
 Then shall I press,
 With eagerness,
 To drink whilst yet I may.

Come ! say the Spirit and the Bride ;
 Come ! and in Jesu's love abide :
 His love hath slain the enmity,
 And bridged the gulf between thy God and thee.

Lord ! give me to believe ;
 Give me to hear,
 Whilst Thou art near,
 Then shall I come, and live.

Yet once again love's voice is heard,
That none from coming be deterred,
Inviting all, whoever will,
Freely of life's pure stream to take their fill.

O Lord of sovereign grace!

The will impart

To each poor heart,

Thy welcome to embrace.

Oh, wondrous truth! Thou wouldst that all,
Themselves brought nigh, should others call;
That e'en the weakest saint should be
A hand to draw some burning brand to Thee.

Lord! on me zeal bestow;

Then shall I seek

For Thee to speak,

Wherever I may go.

“He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”—
REV. xxii. 20.

COME quickly, Lord ! my heart prepare
Thy blessed likeness to receive ;
Let Thy pure Word dwell richly there ;
Let me Thy promises believe.

Come quickly, Lord ! Thyself reveal,
As having borne my sin away ;
My wounded, burdened spirit heal ;
The riches of Thy grace display.

Come quickly ! and each doubt remove,
That, like a cloud, hangs o'er my path ;
Shine on me with Thy beams of love,
Nor let me longer fear Thy wrath.

Convince me that, since Thou hast died,
And I by faith am one with Thee,
I am from all things justified,
And more than conqueror shall be.

Come quickly, Lord ! the bondage break
Of every foul, besetting sin ;
My heart Thy living temple make,
And by Thy Spirit dwell within.

Oh, quickly come ! when I'm oppressed
By sorrow, sickness, pain, or grief ;
Let me recline upon Thy breast,
And from Thy presence find relief.

Come quickly ! when my days grow dark,
And tempests lower, and foes increase ;
Hide me within Thy sheltering ark,
And keep me still in perfect peace.

Lord Jesus ! come, and make me meet
Thy saints' inheritance to share,
For though I am in Thee complete,
Nor flesh, nor blood, can enter there.

I shrink sometimes from thought of death ;
The conflict with this foe I fear ;
I dread to feel his icy breath,
To see my loved ones weeping near.

But I would look beyond the tomb,
And leave my future all to Thee ;
Thy love will cheer death's vale of gloom,
And that is quite enough for me.

Come, then, Lord Jesus ! quickly come !
In glory with Thy hosts descend ;
Take all Thy waiting people home,
And give them an expected end.

PSALM XLVI.

WHAT though the earth's deep-laid foundations
shake,

And rocks be rent, and lofty mountains quake ;

What though the raging sea invade the land,

And wild confusion reign on every hand ;

Brethren beloved ! we have no cause for fear,

Since God, our refuge and our strength, is near.

The city of our God, in which we dwell,

Is proof against the mighty gates of hell ;

Nor crashing worlds, nor Satan's wily skill,

Can move fair Zion's heaven-protected hill :

For thus her name is called—"The Lord is
there,"

And in His perfect peace His people share.

Within her walls a living stream is found,
Whose sparkling waters gladness scatter round;
On its bright banks, inviting sweet repose,
The tree of life in rich profusion grows,
Whose fruits each month their varied riches
yield,

And by whose leaves the nations may be healed.

Still, then, your rage, ye heathen ! hear the rod,
And know 'tis vain to fight against your God.
Lift up your heads, believers ! Jesu's face
Is beaming on you full of love and grace ;
Though worlds dissolve we have no cause for
fear,
Since He, our refuge and our strength, is near.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

How quickly the year is passing away !

To another 'twill soon give birth ;

No mortal the wings of Time can stay,

For he loves not to linger on earth.

Silently onward the moments speed,

Like a river's ceaseless flow ;

Not one will return—'tis in vain we plead,

We can see them but once below.

Each hour, in its rapid upward flight,

Bears a message to the throne,

And tells of works which have courted light,

Or of deeds in darkness done.

Thus shall we meet our lives once more,
 The lives we are leading here,
 When we stand the judgment-seat before,
 Where we all must soon appear.

Come, then, my soul ! put forth thy powers,
 To examine and search thy ways,
 I would know with what record my fleeting
 hours
 Have gone up to the Ancient of Days.

Woe is me ! I can find only cause for shame,
 As each page of the past I review,
 For I've greatly dishonoured my Saviour's name,
 And my labours of love have been few.

The Lord seeks for truth in the inward part,
 And a spirit free from guile ;
 For cleanness of hands, and a perfect heart ;
 But I am all sinful and vile.

I have sinned against knowledge, and light,
and love ;

I have wasted days untold :

Then what shall I say when I'm called above,
And my Saviour's face behold ?

I will say, " Lord ! 'tis true I deserve to die,

" But Thou hast provided a plea,

" With which I can meet Thy holy eye,

" And e'en claim Thy co-heir to be.

" For Thou didst descend from Thy glorious
throne,

" And Thyself to death didst yield,

" Made sin, that Thou mightest for sin atone,

" And the sinner might be healed.

" Although I've no works of my own to show,

" I've a finished work in Thee ;

" And the riches of Thy grace I know

" By faith bestowed on me."

Then quicken your flight each hour and each
day,

Speed onward each month and each year;
No longer I ask you your course to delay,
For in Jesus I've nothing to fear.

This only I ask Thee, my Saviour ! to give,
More grace, sin and self to deny,
That seeking Thy glory with zeal whilst I live,
I may triumph in Thee when I die.

PSALM XC.—FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ANOTHER rolling year has run its course ;
None can to us its golden hours restore ;
Its waves have borne us, with resistless force,
Nearer and yet more near th' eternal shore.

A thousand years of time's appointed span
Are but as yesterday in God's esteem ;
Then what a speck the life assigned to man !
It passeth swiftly as a morning dream.

Oh ! gracious Saviour ! teach us, ere we die,
Wisely to reckon up our few brief days ;
Teach us, while yet permitted, to apply
Our hearts to walk in wisdom's happy ways.

Unto Thy servants let Thy work appear,
Thy finished work of mercy and of love ;
Resting in this, let each revolving year
See us press forward to the things above.

Clothe us with Thine own beauty, heavenly
Lord !

Make us in Thine own righteousness complete ;
Thy Holy Spirit's influence afford,
That we for Thy blest presence may be meet.

And as Thy work within us, day by day,
Becomes more perfect, inward strength
impart,
That, whilst our life Thy mercy spares, we may
Love Thee and serve Thee with a single heart.

PSALM VI.

I do not ask Thee, gracious Lord !
My trials to remove ;
I know I need Thy chastening rod,
My follies to reprove.
But I ask Thee not to smite in wrath,
But with a Father's love.

Be very merciful to me,
For I am very weak ;
And make my wounded spirit whole,
Else my burdened heart will break :
How long ? O Lord my God ! how long
Wilt Thou refuse to speak ?

Oh ! turn again and cheer my soul
With Thy refreshing springs ;
Look on me, Sun of Righteousness !
With healing in Thy wings ;
Save me, and fix my wayward heart
Upon eternal things.

I ask Thee, ere I sink beneath
Death's dark and icy wave,
For a little time to lengthen out
The life which mercy gave ;
Since none can praise or honour Thee,
In the cold and narrow grave.

I'm worn away by groans and tears,
For the livelong night I weep ;
I cannot close my eyes for grief,
But weary watches keep ;
Should I not rest, if I were Thine,
In calm refreshing sleep ?

But, hush ! I will no more repine ;
For even whilst I pray,
Through the gloom, to the eye of faith, appears
A soul-reviving ray ;
And a gentle, loving voice declares
That I'm in the narrow way.

Th' appointed way, traced out for me
By a tender Father's hand,
That tried, I may come forth as gold,
And before His face may stand,
(When the discipline of earth is done,)
As one of His chosen band.

Vain, then, your efforts, O my foes !
To drive me to despair ;
You cannot injure me at all,
For I'm Jehovah's care ;
And, though He multiply my pains,
Yet hath He heard my prayer.

PSALM VIII.

EXALTED Lord! The glories of Thy name
The highest heavens and the wide world
proclaim :

The angels praise Thee; but when infants
raise

Their glad hosannahs, Thou dost perfect praise.

When to the heavens at night I lift mine eyes,
And view the countless worlds that fill the skies,
Lord, what is man, that Thou to him should'st
show

Such grace, such favour, and should'st love
him so?

Oh, what is man that Thou to him hast given
 Thine only Son, in love sent down from heaven,
 Lower than angels for a time to be,
 Though Lord of lords from all eternity?

As man, sent down to die, that death and hell,
 And all the powers of darkness He might quell;
 And then, returning to His glorious throne,
 Might reign till all things should His sceptre
 own?

And once again in glory He shall come,
 To fetch His chosen people to their home,
 Where they before Him shall as angels be,
 Shall share His throne, and all His glory see.

Exalted Lord! the glories of Thy name
 The highest heav'ns and the wide world pro-
 claim;

Then what is man, that Thou should'st so
 display

Thy love to him—the creature of a day?

“THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.”

'Tis easy, Lord ! in health to say,
 “Thy holy will, not mine, be done ;”
Easy to thank Thee, day by day,
 Whilst life is bright as summer's sun ;
But when Thou sendest grief or pain,
 How soon we murmur and complain !

'Tis easy, when untried, to speak
 Of patience 'neath the chastening rod,
To tell the afflicted and the weak
 That trials come in love from God ;
But when ourselves at length are tried,
 How soon our teaching is belied !

Lord ! it is only by Thy grace

That I a Father's hand can see,
A Father's love and wisdom trace,
In any trial laid on me ;
Then give, I pray, the grace I need,
That love in all things I may read.

Grant me with meekness to receive

Whatever sorrows Thou mayest send,
And let me earnestly believe
That each has its appointed end,
And by Thy Holy Spirit teach
What Thou would'st work in me by each.

And patience, next to faith, bestow,

That to the end I may endure,
And may, by blest experience, know
That all Thy promises are sure,
And, though my heart sometimes rebel,
Let no hard thoughts within me dwell.

Let not this present sickness fail
 To purge away some worthless dross,
 That I may learn with joy to hail—
 Not shrink from—each succeeding cross,
 May welcome, as Thy gift, each thorn,
 However grievous to be borne.

Let this and each one, by Thy grace,
 As touch of skilful painter's art,
 Some hue, some well-marked feature trace
 Of Jesu's image on my heart ;
 For, oh ! I long to be like Him,
 Who died lost sinners to redeem.

I long to be like Jesus—lowly,
 Meek, gentle, loving, good, and kind,—
 Like unto Jesus, pure and holy,
 Humble, and patient, and resigned ;
 Like Him to labour to fulfil,
 My heavenly Father's holy will.

Thus let Thy blessed work, begun,
 Become more perfect day by day,
 And let my earthly course be run,
 As best Thy mercy to display;
 That saints my profiting may see,
 And glorify my God in me.

Lastly, oh, gracious God! I pray—
 (Not first, as rebel nature willed,)
 Each cross, each trial take away,
 When its blest mission is fulfilled,—
 But not till then, for I must bear
 My Saviour's cross His crown to share.

ON DEATH.

WHY should I shrink from death? Do children fear
When summoned to appear
In happy home before a father's face,
That he may them embrace,
And that with him communion for a while
They may enjoy beneath his fostering smile?

Why should I shrink from death, for am not I
A child of the Most High?
Has He not made me so by His free favour,
Making His word the savour
Of heavenly life unto my guilty soul,
A healing balm to make my spirit whole?

Why should I shrink from death? Has not
God given

Sweet promises that heaven
Shall be of all, who unto Jesus come,
The everlasting home?
Are not the choicest, richest joys of earth,
Compared with heaven's poorest, nothing worth?

Why should I shrink from death? Is not the
Lord,

According to His word,
The Lord who reigns above,—at whose right
hand

I shall in judgment stand,
Is He not my Father? Shall I not share
Endless communion with Himself up there?

Why should I shrink from death? Since
through this door

Jesus has passed before,

Making, for all His saints, the narrow tomb

The blessed ante-room

To courts where He now sits upon His throne,

And in Him all He purchased for His own!

Why, therefore, shrink from death? Since
even now,

Though I am still below,

My life is hid with Christ in God above?

Oh, thou eternal Love!

My heavenly Father! take away my fear,

And give me peace and joy when death draws
near.

“ But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption ; that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.”
—1 COR. i. 30, 31.

COME, brethren, let us cast away
Our baseless fears our God to meet,
We need not dread the judgment-day,
For we in Jesus are complete.

Though we are ignorant and blind,
Jesus our perfect wisdom is ;
The light we need in Him we find,
Since we, by sovereign grace, are His.

Whilst clad in nature's sordid dress,
Well might we shrink from judgment near,
But Jesus is our righteousness,
And we have nothing now to fear.

Out of His fulness we are made
Meet in God's presence to abide;
For who on Him their sins have laid,
In Him are fully sanctified.

Though we are pilgrims still below,
And though, when we yield up our breath,
Our bodies to the grave must go,
We are in Him redeemed from death.

Let us believe this faithful word,
By which Christ makes His people free,
That we, as children of the Lord,
May walk in perfect liberty;

That we may serve our God with joy,
And men our works of love may see;
Thus shall Christ's praise their tongues employ,
And His shall all the glory be.

“Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”—Ps. lxi. 2.

As my course down the valley of time I pursue,
And my life's changing seasons speed rapidly by,
Oh! my God! let Thy Spirit mine daily renew,
And lead to the Rock that is higher than I.

Should health, wealth, and honours my footsteps
attend,
And no clouds darkly gathering obscure the
bright sky,
Give me grace all Thy gifts in Thy service to
spend,
Whilst I build on the Rock that is higher
than I.

Should the dark form of poverty enter my door,
And friendships prove false, and no succours
seem nigh,

Then hear me, thou Friend of the friendless and
poor,

Blessed Jesus! thou Rock that art higher
than I.

When I languish in sickness or sink under pain,
Or when multiplied sorrows my faith sorely
try,

Be thou near, O my Saviour! my faith to sustain,
Uphold me, thou Rock that art higher than I.

When I've passed through each change and each
chance save the last,

And the moment is come when at length I
must die,

While the shadows are deep'ning, and life's
ebbing fast,

Let me rest on the Rock that is higher than I.

And when waked from the tomb by the last
trumpet's sound,

Whilst the wicked shrink back with an
agonised cry,

Oh let me with all thy redeemed ones be found
Safe in Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I.

A PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT'S TEACHING.

OH, Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Blest gift of God the Father's love,
 Secured for man on Calvary!
Descend into my heart, I pray,
And there abiding with me stay,
Chasing my darkness all away,
 And working in me mightily.

A humble, contrite heart bestow,
That I my nothingness may know,
 My sins with sorrow may confess.
Then gently tell how Jesus died,
For sins, though great and multiplied,
A perfect covering to provide
 In His own perfect righteousness.

Renew my spirit every day,
And keep me steadfast in the way
That leads to my eternal rest;
Thither let all my footsteps tend;
Thither let every thought ascend;
And do thou seal me to the end,
Till in Christ's presence I am blest.

“Looking unto Jesus.”—HEB. xii. 2.

I LOOK to Jesus, and the cloud
Of my transgressions melts away,
E'en as the blackest midnight shroud
Gives place to the returning day.

I look to Jesus, and the stains
Of my life's guilt, though dark and deep,
Are washed, till not a spot remains,
And I can safely wake and sleep.

I look to Jesus, and the face
Of God is turned on me in love,
I feel a Father's fond embrace,
And all my doubts and fears remove.

I look to Jesus, and behold !

My heart is lightened of its cares,
My love for earthly things grows cold,
And pleasure vainly spreads her snares.

I look to Jesus, when my foes

With violence my peace assail ;
On His dear breast I find repose,
And all their hateful efforts fail.

I look to Jesus, and the sight

Of all that He endured for me,
Makes e'en my greatest sufferings light,
Compared with His deep agony.

I look to Jesus, when my zeal

And faith and love grow dead and cold ;
Then doth He Calvary reveal,
And makes me in His service bold.

I look to Jesus, when the waves
Of dark corruptions rage within,
And He from their dominion saves,
From their pollution makes me clean.

I look to Jesus, and I see
Heaven's golden portals opening wide,
With ready welcome e'en to me,
Though vile, to enter and abide.

Thus let me, Lord ! whilst life doth last,
In faith look ever up to Thee,
And, when life's sinful days are past,
I shall Thy face in glory see.

PSALM IX.

WITH my whole heart to Thee I'll raise,
Eternal Lord ! a song of praise,
And Thy great works declare ;
I'll glory and rejoice in Thee,
Thou high-exalted Trinity !
On Thee I'll cast my care.

Seated upon Thy glorious throne,
Thou art the Lord, and Thou alone,
Worlds, times, events, arranging ;
And when the worlds shall pass away,
Thou shalt endure, nor know decay,
In midst of change unchanging.

Mankind, awaking from the dust,
Shall hear with awe Thy judgments just
Pronounce their final doom ;
The proud Thou'lt humble and abase,
And all who here reject Thy grace,
For ever banished from Thy face,
Shall go to endless gloom.

But to the saints who know Thy name,
Who whilst on earth Thy power proclaim,
And celebrate Thy love,
To all the humble and the meek,
As a dear Father Thou wilt speak,
And they shall reign above.

Lord ! make me meek and humble now,
Let me with joy my faith avow,
And Jesu's name confess ;
Increase my love, increase my zeal,
And let me not the light conceal
With which Thou deign'st to bless.

JESU! AND DID'ST THOU ALL RESIGN?

JESU! and did'st Thou all resign?
Thy throne of glory, and the angels' praise,
That from the dust Thou mightest raise
A worm in heaven to shine?

Was it for me that Thou did'st show
Such great compassion—coming down to earth,
Of mortal born in lowly birth,
To lead a life of woe?

Was it for me the Father gave
His well-beloved to mingle with the dead,
Emptying all wrath upon His head,
From wrath my soul to save?

And shall I then refuse to give
My whole, my undivided heart to Thee?
For less Thou wilt not take of me,—
Shall I refuse to live?

It is a poor and worthless thing,
Corrupt and vile; but since 'tis Thy demand,
Gladly I place it in Thy hand,
My Saviour and my King.

And now, before Thee bending low,
I crave a boon, without which I must die,—
Nought else my soul will satisfy,—
Thyself on me bestow.

PSALM XI.

My trust is in the Living Lord,
I rest upon His faithful word ;
Why bid me from my foes to fly,
Like timorous bird when danger's nigh ?

What though the wicked bend their bow,
And seek to lay the righteous low ?
Or Satan's fiery darts assail,
And all earth's springs of comfort fail ?

The Lord, high-seated on His throne,
Doth know and will protect His own ;
I in His mighty arms recline,
And I am safe whilst He is mine.

Nothing escapes His searching eye ;
He every heart doth prove and try ;
On penitents He lays the cross,
Only to purge away their dross.

But on the stubborn sinner's path
He soon will pour tremendous wrath,
And wrath shall be their endless lot ;
But saints shall never be forgot.

“Fear thou not.”—ISA. xli. 10.

“FEAR thou not,” thou weak believer!

Stay thy mind upon thy Lord;
None have found Me a deceiver,
Who have trusted to My word.

“Fear thou not!” Though conscience chide thee

With the sins of bygone years,
A healing fountain is beside thee,
Rise, and put away thy fears.

“Fear thou not!” Though holy teaching

Thy past guilt to deepen seem,
Deeper love, that guilt outreaching,
Did from death thy soul redeem.

“Fear thou not!” Though, light repelling,
Thou didst long my Spirit grieve;
He now makes thy heart His dwelling,
And hath taught thee to believe.

“Fear thou not!” Though sin, remaining,
Doth within fierce fight maintain,
By My grace the fight sustaining
Thou shalt soon the victory gain.

“Fear thou not!” When doubts assail thee,
To my cross lift up thine eye;
Think’st thou that my love can fail thee,
Since for thee I came to die?

“Fear thou not!” Should tempests gather,
And sore trials thee oppress;
These are gifts of God thy Father,
And designed thy soul to bless.

“Fear thou not!” Cast every sorrow
Of thy troubled heart on Me;
Be not anxious for the morrow,
“As thy day thy strength shall be.”

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee,”—
I who once on Calvary bled;
Arms of strength are underneath thee,
Wings of mercy round thee spread.

PSALM XII.

HELP, Lord ! for godly men are few ;
The righteous and the faithful fail ;
None but the vain around we view,
Whose double hearts and tongues prevail.

Hark ! with what scornful words they speak,—
“ Who shall our tongue—our lips restrain ?
Who is the Lord, that He should seek
Over our hearts and lives to reign ? ”

But, hark again ! upon the ear
There breaks a sweet commanding voice,—
“ I will arise, th’ oppressed to cheer,
To make the poor and meek rejoice.”

Thus doth the Lord, whose words are pure,
In times of trouble faithful prove ;
As silver doth the flame endure,
The flame that doth the dross remove.

Therefore, though wicked men abound,
The Lord's redeemed they cannot harm,
For He doth with His love surround,
And shield us with a Father's arm.

“Call upon me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee,
and thou shalt glorify me.”—PSALM l. 15.

WHEN black clouds are hanging o'er thee,
Big with troubles hard to bear,
When the way is dark before thee,
Christian ! cast on Me thy care ;
I will soon to joy restore thee,
When thou seekest Me in prayer.

But earth's cisterns must be broken,
Earthly props be prostrate laid ;
This is of My love the token,
Therefore be thou undismayed ;
Trust the word which I have spoken,—
“ It is I, be not afraid.”

Though thy heart be sorely riven,
Still of mercy thou must sing,
For as yet thou hast not striven
Unto blood, as I thy King ;
Rest thou on my promise given,
Till deliverance I bring.

In thy grief thou'rt not forsaken ;
Midst the darkness I am near ;
I thy cause have undertaken,
And I mark each falling tear ;
Let thy faith remain unshaken,
Soon the morning shall appear.

Then within thy happy dwelling,
Lifting up thy voice on high,
Of My grace and mercy telling,
Thou My ways shalt justify,
And, the Church's anthem swelling,
Me, thy God, shalt glorify.

PSALM XIII.

How long wilt Thou withdraw Thy grace ?

How long forget Thy servant, Lord ?

Wilt Thou for ever hide Thy face,

And not one ray of light afford ?

How long shall I Thy absence mourn ?

Whilst foes, encouraged by my grief,

Oppress me with triumphal scorn,

And none is near to give relief.

Oh, hearken, Lord ! as heretofore ;

Revive me with Thy quickening breath,

Lighten mine eyes, my soul restore,

Lest I soon sleep the sleep of death.

Shall my proud foes the victory gain,
And speak blaspheming words of Thee,
And say Thy promises are vain,
And triumph o'er my God in me?

No! I will trust Thy mercy still;
Thou wilt not drive me to despair,
But wilt my heart's desire fulfil,
Wilt hear and answer all my prayer.

Yea! Thou hast heard, and I rejoice
In Thy salvation once again;
Again I lift my cheerful voice,
And none my praises shall restrain.

“Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!
 When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of His
 people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.”
 —PSALM xiv. 7.

WHEN, Lord! shall Israel's sons once more
 Repose in Zion's glad embrace?
 When shall they rightly Thee adore,
 And own the power of Jesu's grace?

Oh! give the word, and great shall be
 The preaching host by Zion sent,
 Then Israel shall salvation see,
 And homewards shall his steps be bent.

Increasing light around him shed
 Shall guide him safely in Thy way,
 As morning, on the mountains spread,
 Increaseth unto perfect day.

Oh, quickly, Lord, Thy grace impart,
And quickly give the hearing ear ;
Remove the veil from Israel's heart,
For Israel still to Thee is dear.

The oil of joy for mourning give ;
For heaviness give songs of praise ;
Speak, and Thy people still shall live,
And to Thy name hosannahs raise,

PSALM XIV.

OF threatened judgments ever sore afraid,
Yet proudly scorning Zion's sheltering ark,
Sin-loving men would fain themselves persuade
There is no God in heaven their ways to mark.

Therefore unchecked their base corruptions rise,
While the foul streams the fountain foul
proclaim ;
And thus they journey on with closèd eyes,
Slaves of their lusts, and glorying in their
shame.

Such—such thy state, O man! whoe'er thou art,
Who know'st not yet the blessed Jesu's grace ;
Whate'er thy seeming be, thy life, thy heart
Are all corrupt before thy Maker's face.

Whate'er thy seeming be, it is alone

 Restraining love that doth thy footsteps keep;
Else—for thy nature is to evil prone,—

 Thou wouldest headlong plunge from deep
 to deep.

The wondrous love, which thus doth some
 restrain,

 Is prompt to pardon, prompt to welcome all;
Then let not proffered mercy be in vain,
 But haste, poor sinner! and on Jesus call.

Hasten to put away thy sin—thy pride;

 Cast off thy evil heart of unbelief;
Jesus invites thee,—'twas for this He died,
 A man of sorrows, and bowed down by grief.

But there's a time, when, if thou dost not turn,
 Thyself the burden of thy sin must bear,
When God's fierce anger shall against thee burn,
 Nor will He hear thine agony of prayer.

Turn, then, ye careless ! whilst it still is day,
Before inactive night is round you spread ;
Oh ! shun the broad and choose the narrow way,
And joy and peace shall on your hearts be
shed.

Oh, gracious Saviour ! our petitions hear,
For those who know Thee not we raise our
cry ;
Bestow the willing heart, the hearing ear,
And bring to all Thy blest salvation nigh.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
might.”

OH, Christian ! bind closely the armour of
light ;

Go forth in the strength of thy God to the fight,
And do what thou findest to do with thy might.

Be not slothful, be earnest, be watchful, be
brave ;

Lay out in Christ's service the life which He
gave,

For thou canst not bring glory to Him in the
grave.

Be brave! foes unnumbered thy footsteps
surround;

Be watchful! for countless the snares that
abound;

Be not slothful! lest wanting at last thou be
found.

Be in earnest! to rescue thy friends while 'tis day,
Invite them to Jesus ere life pass away,
For no prayers and no efforts can reach their
cold clay.

Each year, as first one then another is ta'en,
The circle grows smaller of those that remain;
And death will soon visit the remnant again.

Hark! hark! with what clearness each death-
knell doth speak,—

“Oh, believer, be instant thy lost friends to
seek;

“To succour the tempted, to strengthen the
weak.

“No more for some great opportunity wait
 “To speak with more power—for death’s at the
 gate;
 “And death once within, it will then be too late.”

Haste! haste! then, each child of the Lord, to
 give ear
 To these heaven-sent warnings, so loud and so
 clear,
 ’Twill save thee much sorrow, and many a tear.

Hast thou parents advanced in the winter of
 life?

Hast thou brothers or sisters, a husband or
 wife?

Or children engaged in or entering the strife?

Plead with each, plead with all, if they know
 not the Lord,

Seize every occasion each day may afford

For pointing to Jesus, and speaking His word.

'Tis true thou may'st find them unwilling to
hear,

And thou art all weakness ; but Jesus is near,
To open the heart and unseal the deaf ear.

Be in earnest, and water each effort with prayer,
Nor e'en of the worst and most hardened
despair :

Thou wert hopeless as any till grace did
prepare

Thy heart the rich mercy of Christ to receive,
His word to embrace, and His promise believe ;
Till then, *thou*, like others, His Spirit didst
grieve.

Then be instant, be earnest, be watchful, be
brave !

Lay out in Christ's service the life which He
gave,

For thou canst not bring honour to Him in the
grave.

Bind closely around thee the armour of light,
Go forth in the strength of thy God to the
fight,
And do what thou findest to do with thy might.

PSALM XV.

WHO, Lord! shall stand before Thy face
On Zion's hill, where all are blest,
And find thereon a dwelling-place,
A home of peace and rest?

The child of light, who all his days
Doth walk in faith, and love, and fear,
Whose inmost heart, whose words and ways
Are truthful and sincere;

Who injures none, nor e'er is heard
Detracting from another's fame;
Who loves not the reproachful word,
Nor takes delight in blame;

Who doth no fellowship accord
To the rebellious and the vile,
But welcomes all who love the Lord
With love that knows no guile ;

Whose promise, like the Lord's, is sure,
Though self-advantage loss discern,
Who gladly lendeth to the poor
Expecting no return.

The man, who thus the power of grace
Displays, shall be for ever blest,
Shall dwell before the Saviour's face
In heaven's eternal rest.

“The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.”

STRANGE! passing strange! that reason-gifted
man

The world's broad page should diligently scan,
Should read the proofs that all around him
shine

Clear as the brightest gems from richest mine,
Proofs that display intelligent design
All things pervading, and uniting all,
However mighty and however small,
In one consistent and harmonious whole—
The earth, with marvels stored from pole to
pole

Proclaiming, “He that made us is Divine”—
The sun and moon, and stars that countless roll
Above us, showing an All-wise control—

Yes ! it is strange, 'tis wondrous strange to me,
That with such proofs spread out before his
eyes,

Himself a thousand proofs in one combined,
Man should declare, "I see no master-mind,
"No ruling hand, no trace of God I see ;
"'Twas chance that built the world, that spread
the skies."

Thy word, O Lord ! this marvel doth explain,
Not reason, but man's will, doth o'er him reign,
'Tis "in his heart" that he Thy being denies.

PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE me, Lord ! I urge one only plea—

The death of Jesus—'tis on this I trust.

I have no merits to present to Thee,

For Thou art God, and I am naught but dust.

Whate'er my goodness may of profit bring

Unto Thy saints, in whom is my delight,

I can add nothing unto Thee, my King,

No glory, honour, power, riches, might.

I will not join the base rebellious throng,

Who make to gods, which are no gods, their
prayers,

Who ne'er shall stand Thy heavenly hosts among,

But sorrow upon sorrow shall be theirs.

Thou art my Lord ! my glorious portion Thou !

Thou mak'st my cup with blessings to run o'er ;
 Thou dost maintain my lot, and on my brow
 Sits calm content I never knew before.

In paths of pleasantness I walk with Thee ;
 Paths strewn with mercies which shall never
 cease :

Rich in Thy love, which hath bestowed on me
 A goodly heritage of joy and peace.

Thee have I ever set before my face,
 For well I know whilst Thou, my God, art near,
 'Midst chance and change, upholden by Thy
 grace,
 No troubles, no misfortunes need I fear.

For counsel given, for teaching day by day,
 I bless Thy name, and joyful anthems raise ;
 And, walking still along the narrow way,
 My tongue, my glory, shall shew forth Thy
 praise.

And when, at length, th' appointed hour is come,
 When dust to dust shall go, and earth to earth,
 My flesh shall rest within the silent tomb,
 Waiting in patient hope the world's new birth.

For even as Thy blest, Thy holy child,
 When crucified by wicked hands and slain,
 By death's corruption never was defiled,
 And over death triumphant rose again :

So shall I rise triumphant through His love ;
 Through His dear love shall enter into life ;
 And, as on eagles' wings, shall soar above
 To realms that know nor sorrow, sin, nor strife.

There in Thy glorious presence shall I stand ;
 Shall enter there the fulness of Thy joy ;
 Shall share, with all the saints at Thy right
 hand,
 Pleasures eternal, and without alloy.

COLLECT FOR QUINQUAGESIMA.

LORD ! Thou hast taught us in Thy Word
The excellence of Charity ;
It is of peace the threefold cord,
The threefold bond of unity.

Without this grace our brightest deeds
Are counted in Thy sight as nought ;
Our highest virtues are as weeds,
Which are for burning only sought.

But Charity's a plant divine,
Whose root is faith, whose stem is hope :
A sun that makes each virtue shine,
And gives each act a higher scope.

The heart, where Charity is found,
Is ever rich and fruitful soil,
In which both peace and joy abound,
Rewarding well the labourer's toil.

The home, where Charity abides,
Sheds all around a cheering ray ;
And, whatsoe'er it lack besides,
It lacks not sunshine all the day.

Lord ! let Thy Spirit in my heart
Implant this offshoot of Thy love,
Nor let it e'er from me depart,
Till I am lost in Thee above.

Let my dear home on earth below
Reflect its brightness far and wide ;
Where'er I dwell, where'er I go,
Let it with me and mine abide.

COLLECT FOR ASH-WEDNESDAY.

JESUS! when we bow the knee,
 Bending low before Thy face,
Give us true humility—

 Give us all-sufficient grace,
No mere outward fast to keep,
No mere formal tears to weep.

Conscience to its depths awake,
 Our heart's sinfulness reveal,
That, when we confession make,
 We that sinfulness may feel;
And may humbly waiting stand
To receive with empty hand.

Let us not of merit dream,

We are vile e'en from our birth ;

Our best works, whate'er they seem,

Are in Thy sight nothing worth :

'Neath the shadow of Thy cross,

They are tinsel—they are dross.

Oh ! do Thou, blest Lord ! impart

True repentance to us now,

And a broken, contrite heart,

Whilst as penitents we bow ;

Deep and godly sorrow give,

Give us to believe and live.

Shed abroad within us, Lord !

Love, and peace, and joy each hour ;

Strength for every need accord,

By Thy Holy Spirit's power :

Let our works of love abound,

Scattering sunshine all around.

Should we walk in sorrow's night—

Should our cup with grief be filled—

Be it still our chief delight

To accept what Thou hast willed :

Let us still reflect Thy mind,

Who wert patient, meek, resigned.

Let us ever choose the ways

Marked out by Thy love divine ;

Let our lives set forth Thy praise,

Let our hearts be wholly Thine.

Yea, let all our powers be

Henceforth dedicate to Thee.

COLLECT FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

JESUS ! God's eternal Son !
With the Father on His throne,
And the Spirit, Thou art one.

Thou ! the one true living way
To the realms of endless day,
Listen to us whilst we pray.

By Thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness—
By Thy spotless righteousness,

Give to us, Thy people, grace ;
With Thine arms of love embrace,
Whilst we bow before Thy face.

Grace true abstinence to use,
Grace the path of life to choose,
Ere the day of grace we lose.

Give us penitential tears ;
Wake, and then remove, our fears,
Ere the day of doom appears.

Let Thy Spirit in us dwell,
Let it all our passions quell,
And to holiness impel.

Be our hearts with truth imbued ;
Be our fleshly lusts subdued ;
Let not pride or self intrude.

Jesus ! who dost reign on high,
Robed in glorious majesty,
Be with constant succour nigh.

Listen to us whilst we pray,
And Thy wondrous love display,
Ere our life be past away.

COLLECT FOR THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN
LENT.

OH! gracious Lord! from heaven look down,
Watch o'er us with a Father's eye;
Keep us unto the glorious crown
Reserved for saints beyond the sky.

Look down, O Lord!

From heaven above,

And of Thy love

This grace accord.

Let every word and every deed,—

Yea, more,—let every look and thought,
From all of base self-seeking freed,

Under Thy governance be brought.

Look down, O Lord!

From heaven above,

And of Thy love

This grace accord.

Preserve our bodies, Lord ! we pray,
From every form of threatened ill ;
Uphold our lives from day to day,
As best Thy purpose to fulfil.

Look down, O Lord !
From heaven above,
And of Thy love
This grace accord.

Preserve our souls from every harm ;
Unto our weakness condescend ;
The malice of all foes disarm,
And be our guide unto the end.

Look down, O Lord !
From heaven above,
And of Thy love
This grace accord.

PSALM XVII.

O LORD ! my God ! I cry to Thee,
To Thee I all my offerings bring ;
Show me Thy love, and shelter me
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

Then, as the apple of the eye,
Guarded by Thee and kept from harm,
My deadly foes I shall defy,
For Thou wilt all their power disarm.

Though compassing my steps they stand,
Like lions roaring for their prey,
They are but swords in Thy right hand
To keep me in the narrow way.

Health, wealth, and honours may be theirs,—
The best of all this life can give,—
Whilst I have sorrows, griefs, and cares,
And in their eyes scarce seem to live.

Yet life, a better life, is mine,
A life that's hid with Christ above,
A ray that shall in glory shine,
In heaven's bright realms of joy and love.

There, freed from every sore distress,
Dreading no more death's icy wave,
I shall behold in righteousness
The face of Him who came to save.

Yes! yes! when I from death awake,
I in God's presence shall abide,
Of Jesu's likeness shall partake,
And shall be fully satisfied.

JOHN XIV. 6.

BURDENED by sin's galling chain,
And essaying, but all in vain,
Guilt to cleanse, and life to gain.—

Thus I heard the Saviour say,
“I, poor sinner, am the Way
“To the realms of endless day.

“Walk in me, and thou shalt know
“Rest and peace, and joy below,
“And at death to God shalt go.

“I, the Truth, in love am given
“To prepare thy soul for heaven,
“Purging out sin's clinging leaven.

“ Feed on me, through my pure Word,
“ Then thy heart, with truth well stored,
“ Shall be pleasing to thy Lord.

“ I, too, am the Life, in all
“ Who upon the Father call,
“ Life from which they ne’er shall fall.

“ Come, then, lost one ! come to me ;
“ I, thy Lord, thy Life will be,
“ Blessing thee eternally.”

Quickly I replied with joy,
“ Lord, I come ! my sin destroy ;
“ Change my heart, my powers employ.

“ Lord, I come ! Thy Spirit send
“ My poor stubborn will to bend,
“ And this world’s vain snares to rend.

“ Lord, I come ! be Thou my Guide,
“ Walking ever by my side,
“ That I may in Thee abide.”

NAHUM I. 7.

“THE Lord is good.” Let all around
In hymns of joy their voices raise,
Let heaven and earth His name resound,
And sing His praise.

“The Lord is good.” He blesses all
Of every race in every land ;
Mercies, like countless rain-drops, fall
At His command.

“The Lord is good.” He long forbears
Th’ impenitent to smite, to slay,
And still the vilest rebels spares
From day to day.

He spares them, for 'tis not His will
 That any child of man should die ;
 He spares them, and invites them still
 From wrath to fly.

“The Lord is good.” Let Calvary tell
 The wonders of Jehovah's love ;
 There Jesus died, that man might dwell
 With Him above.

Doth He not compass all thy way
 With love, distilling as the dew,
 And, though the outward man decay,
 Thy soul renew ?

Hast thou not ever found Him nigh,
 A stronghold in each time of woe ?
 Hath He not always heard thy cry,
 Whate'er thy foe ?

Yes ! yes ! the Lord is good, indeed,
To all who humbly seek His face ;
He knows each one of David's seed,
Each child of grace.

He knows and marks them for His own ;
Not one shall e'er forgotten be ;
But all shall share His glorious throne
Eternally.

WHITSUN-DAY.

THOU Spirit of the Living Lord,
To me Thy quickening grace afford ;
Make me to feel, each day, each hour,
Thy mighty, Thy transforming power.

Roll back the ever-swelling tide
Of worldliness, and self, and pride,
That, cleansed from these, my heart may be
A holy temple meet for Thee.

Joint witness with my spirit bear
That I of God am child and heir,
Co-heir with Jesus, through His love,
Of all things here, and all above.

Teach me to mortify each day
The carnal mind which leads astray,
That I may prove my heavenly birth
By spurning all vain things of earth.

Let the words richly in me dwell,
Which from the lips of Jesus fell;
Be His pure precepts my delight,
My meditation day and night.

Be Thou my monitor within,
To warn me of the approach of sin,
Through every change with me abide,
My strength, my guardian, and my guide.

Daily the things of Jesus take,
The things He suffered for my sake,
Reveal them to me, one by one,
As my appointed course I run.

Cause me with joy His cross to bear,
His death and sufferings to share ;
Then shall I reign with Him at last,
When sin, and pain, and death are past.

Should I beneath my trials faint,
And yield to fear and make complaint,
Be thou with ready succour near,
Comfort my heart, my spirit cheer.

Give me the spirit of a child ;
Make me like Jesus, meek and mild ;
Make me in holiness to grow,
Each moment of my life below.

And when, at length, this life shall close,
Give me in Jesus sweet repose,
Till, waked by the last trumpet's sound,
I rise to be with glory crowned.

PSALM CXVII.

YOUR voices, all ye nations, raise,
To celebrate Jehovah's praise ;
Be glad hosannahs loudly sung
In every land by every tongue.

Let mercy first your thoughts engage,
And every doubt and fear assuage,—
Mercy so great, so full, so free,
Secured from all eternity.

Then join in louder strains to sing
The truth of your almighty King,
Whose promises are ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

Come, all ye nations ! praise the Lord,
Join the glad song with one accord ;
Praise Him for truth and mercy past,
Which shall to endless ages last.

THE TRINITY.

FATHER ! source of every blessing,
Fount of light and life to me,
In Thy love all else possessing
All my care I cast on Thee ;
Thou hast all my journey led me,
Thou hast guarded, tended, fed me,
And wilt still my portion be.

Saviour ! whose humiliation
To the cradle, cross, and grave,
Is the sinner's exaltation,
Telling of Thy will to save ;
By Thy blood to God brought near
I can sail, unmoved by fear,
O'er the world's tempestuous wave.

Spirit of the Lord ! proceeding
From the Father and the Son,
Thou hast long been striving, pleading,
And at length my heart hast won ;
Leave me not, but strength provide me,
Comfort, quicken, teach me, guide me,
Perfecting Thy work begun.

Father ! Saviour ! Quickening Spirit !
Mighty, glorious Trinity !
Draw me on, till I inherit
The bright crown prepared for me,
Until the better land I gain,
Where, freed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
Thy saints shall in Thy presence reign,
Blest through all eternity.

REVELATION XXI.

I LONG for the dawn of that glorious day,
When the earth and the heavens shall all pass
away,

When Jesus, returning, all things shall renew,
And the desert shall blossom where weeds only
grew.

That heavenly city I long to behold,
Whose gates are of pearl, and whose streets are
all gold,

Which shall come down from God adorned as
a bride,

And in which the redeemed shall for ever abide.

I long for that voice which shall ring through
the air,

Bidding saints for the advent of Jesus prepare,—

The voice of that herald of joy, which shall tell
That the Lord is come down with His people
to dwell.

Then—then shall believers arise from the grave,
No more to be plunged beneath death's icy wave,
No more to feel sorrow, or sadness, or pain,
For the curse of the fall shall ne'er touch them
again.

In the streets of that city no strife shall be
heard,
No breathings of anger, no murmuring word,
No heart by unkindness therein shall be broken,
No bereavements be known, and no farewells be
spoken.

No temple for worship therein shall be found,
For the city itself shall be all hallowed ground :
And God and the Lamb the sole temple shall be,
Where all in one anthem of praise shall agree.

No sun shall be needed, nor moon, to give light,
 For the day shall ne'er yield to the shadows of
 night ;

The glory of Jesus its radiance shall pour,
 Unfading, unclouded, undimmed evermore.

All the ransomed, partakers on earth of His
 grace,

The Lamb that was slain shall behold face to
 face,—

Shall behold Him, shall serve Him, and with
 Him shall reign,

No more to go out from His presence again.

Such, such are the glories prepared by the Lord,
 For all who believe and delight in His word,
 For all who through faith in love's labours
 abound,

And whose names in the Lamb's book of life
 shall be found.

“ My son, give me thy heart.”

“ Give me thy heart, my son,” since I have given
Thy all to thee.

All that thou art, or hast, on earth below—
The countless blessings which around thee flow—
And the bright prospects of the bliss of heaven,
Thou ow'st to me.

“ Give me thy heart,”

And I, thy Lord,—by my pure word,
Will streams of richest grace impart :
Yea ! I myself will thy blest portion be.

“ Give me thy heart, my son,” and thus fulfil
My law of love.

This is my first request—my great command.
Oh ! quickly place it in my waiting hand,
That I may mould and fit it by my skill
For realms above.

“ Give me thy heart,”

And I will shed—around thy head

Hope that shall ne’er from thee depart,

And thou shalt all my grace and goodness prove.

“ Give me thy heart, my son ;” withhold it not,

Else all is vain.

Words, works, professions, alms-deeds, lengthened
prayer,

The many forms observed with jealous care,

The pomp of costly service, all forgot,

Shall nothing gain ;

But if thou yield

Thy willing heart,—whole, not in part,

Then by my Spirit cleansed and sealed,

Its carnal enmity shall all be slain.

“ Give me thy heart, my son.” Fear not to find

Less joy on earth ;

All lawful things, though second now to me,

The source of deeper, holier joy shall be ;

And though 'tis true some things must be resigned,
 They are not worth
 A passing tear ;
 For all earth's joy—in time must cloy,
 And there's an hour it cannot cheer :
 Not so the pleasures of the heart's new birth.

“ Give me thy heart,” and thou shalt feel no more
 That aching void
 Earth cannot fill, though she doth promise fair,
 Displaying her choicest treasures with great care.
 Thy nature's longing needs a greater store,
 And unalloyed,
 Its depths to fill.

'Tis only I—can satisfy ;
 Naught else can settled peace instil—
 Peace which by no dark change can be destroyed.

“ Give me thy heart, my son,” and I will trace
 My likeness there ;
 And, underneath it, I myself will write
 My glorious name in letters deep and bright.

Then will I deck it round with every grace

That's rich and rare ;

And all, who see

The change I've wrought,—with beauty
fraught,

Shall learn to love thy God in thee,

And bring their hearts, perchance, in humble
prayer.

“ Give me thy heart,” and I will of it raise

A temple meet,

Emptied of self and sin, and furnished well

With all I love to find where'er I dwell.

Thy prayers, thy thanks, and thy glad songs of
praise,

Like incense sweet,

Shall then ascend.

And when I come—to fetch thee home,

Thy song with angels' songs shall blend,

As all heaven's hosts thy welcome entrance greet.

CONTENTMENT.

OF things unchanging there are none
In this fallen world of ours ;
A chequered course the seasons run,
Nor always bloom the flowers :
And the soft air that breathes to-day
Will soon to angry winds give way,
And sunshine yield to showers.

Be then in thy desires wise,
Expect not much below ;
None, none, until from death they rise,
Unbroken peace can know.
Hast thou to-day a favouring breeze ?
Ere long, o'er rough and stormy seas
Thy light, frail bark must go.

Yet pore not on the darkened side
Of life's uncertain page,
For God, whatever ill betide,
To keep thee doth engage;
When therefore, thou'rt weighed down by sorrow,
Expect, that, on no distant morrow,
Joy will thy grief assuage.

Ne'er heed—ne'er heed the human hand
That smites, but look above;
Thence trials come at God's command,
Thy faith—thy strength to prove.
Yes, be thy trials great or small,
Thy Father hath appointed all,
In wisdom and in love.

Would'st thou be happy then below?
Would'st thou be free from care,
Unmoved by storms that come and go,
And heavenly comfort share?

Count every storm a blessing given,
Thy heart for the pure joys of heaven
By chastening to prepare.

And though long time the storm should last,
Yet may'st thou still rejoice,
For Jesu's hand will hold thee fast,
And thou shalt hear His voice.
However sorely faith be tried,
Jesus Himself doth ever guide
The people of His choice.

Seek largely faith's transforming grace,
God gives to all who seek ;
Then peace, reflected from thy face,
Shall of sweet converse speak
With Jesus on the mount of prayer :
He loves to meet His people there ;
He comforts there the meek.

Then will thy trials lighter prove,
Whate'er those trials be,

And the hand of everlasting love

In each one thou wilt see ;

And thine own heart will overflow,

Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou go,

With love unceasingly.

Compassed about with angels' songs,

No longer thou wilt brood

On thine own cares, and griefs, and wrongs,

In self-tormenting mood ;

But, ever calm, serene, content,

Thy gift of life will all be spent

In efforts to do good.

And thus 'twill be thy portion here,

To glorify thy Lord ;

Witness to bear, or far or near,

To the riches of His Word ;

To show that in the darkest day,

Faith can the mind on Jesus stay,

And peace and joy afford.

COLLECT FOR THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY
AFTER TRINITY.

BEHOLD the paralytic lie,
Brought by dear friends to Jesu's feet ;
He scarce can raise his languid eye
The Saviour's gaze to meet.

Thus weak and helpless, Lord ! were we ;
Laid by sin's mortal sickness low,
We could not even look to Thee,
Till Thou didst grace bestow.

But when Thou spak'st the word of power,
As to that palsied one of old,
Then were our names, from that glad hour,
Amidst Thy saints enrolled.

We felt Thy Spirit's quickening breath,
We felt the bonds of nature riven,
And, rising from sin's bed of death,
We knew our sins forgiven.

Withdraw not from us, gracious Lord !
Thy Spirit's influence, we pray,
But daily still His help afford
To guide and guard our way.

From vanity and blindness freed,
And taught the truth that is in Thee,
Let us, in thought, and word, and deed,
From old corruptions flee.

Renewed in spirit and in life,
Growing in holiness each day,
Be anger, bitterness and strife
Put from us far away.

In every trial and distress
Teach us to look to God above ;
Our souls in patience to possess,
Rejoicing in His love.

Oh ! teach us thus to please our God,
And His commandments to fulfil ;
Meekly to kiss each chastening rod,
Submissive to His will,

Then shall the proud blasphemers know,
That 'tis in Thee alone men live ;
That Thou hast power on earth below,
Lost sinners to forgive.

CONFIRMATION.

JESU ! we are assembled here

Thy great memorial name to own ;

Be Thou, through Thy blest Spirit, near,

Whilst low we bend before Thy throne.

We come with open face to make

The promise made for us before,

We humbly come our place to take

Amidst Thy saints who Thee adore.

We come those “ good things ” to receive,

With which Thou never fail'st to bless

All those who with the heart believe,

And with the mouth Thy name confess.

We come our purpose to declare,
To live to Thee whilst life is ours ;
Oh ! grant that we, in faith and prayer,
May serve Thee with our highest powers.

The warm impressions felt to-day,
If any such we truly feel,
Oh ! let them never fade away,
But make them now Thy Spirit's seal.

If only 'tis our heart's desire
To glorify Thy holy name,
This is a spark of heavenly fire,
And Thou canst fan it to a flame.

If hitherto we have not known
Thy glorious Gospel's quickening power,
Be the renewing seed now sown,
Make us Thy children from this hour.

Thy Holy Spirit from above,
 Whilst here we kneel, on us bestow,
The pledge and earnest of Thy love,
 To witness with our spirits now.

Oh ! take possession of each heart,
 With beams of healing on us shine ;
Nor let us e'er from Thee depart,
 But make and keep us wholly Thine.

Thy piercèd hands unto us show,
 The wound in Thy dear side lay bare,
And give us all, this day, to know
 Our names are deeply graven there.

Compassèd by foes on every hand,
 Oh ! Jesus, Lord of power and might,
Enable us unmoved to stand,
 Make us victorious in the fight.

We are by nature frail and weak,
And prone to every evil way ;
But Thou art strong whose aid we seek,
Oh ! fill us with Thy strength this day.

When Satan spreads his secret snares,
Our young, incautious feet before,
Crosses our path at unawares,
Or enters our unguarded door—

When the vain world, before our eyes,
Her garish joys doth brightly paint,
Or from within young passions rise,
Rebellious against all restraint—

Then, Lord ! Thy promised grace impart,
Our hearts from vanity to wean,
That we may quench each fiery dart,
Looking by faith to things unseen.

Oh ! let us never prayer restrain,
Nor e'er neglect Thy holy word,
Else must our foes the victory gain,
For we shall have nor shield nor sword.

Let us ne'er cease to take delight
In all th' appointed means of grace,
Lest we be steeped in darkest night,
And feel the hidings of Thy face.

Let us each Sabbath day repair
To Thy blest courts with holy joy,
And do Thou meet Thy children there,
Whilst prayer and praise their lips employ.

Around Thy table let us kneel,
Whene'er the sacred feast is spread,
And there do Thou Thyself reveal,
Through the poured wine and broken bread.

Thus lead us on from strength to strength,

Let us in grace and knowledge grow ;

Thus lead us on until at length

The fulness of Thy love we know :

Until in Zion we appear—

Zion with endless glories stored,—

And Heaven's united praises hear,

And swell the triumph of our Lord.

A RETROSPECT.

A STRANGER once to Jesu's love,
And ignorant of self and sin,
I cared not for the things above,
I only sought earth's smiles to win.

I listened to earth's syren sounds,
I wandered through her bowers of bliss,
Just as the bee I went my rounds,
Seeking each honied flower to kiss.

A veil was spread before my eyes,
Woven by pride and self-conceit ;
I thought myself both good and wise,
I knew not then the heart's deceit.

I often tremble now to think
How long, ere God did grace bestow,
I blindly sported on the brink
Of hopeless, everlasting woe.

I often wonder at the grace
Which could the hand of justice stay;
The love which could a wretch embrace,
Whom justice was prepared to slay.

Yet so it was ! and I obtained
Mercy unmerited and free ;
The favour of Jehovah gained,
But not for any good in me.

Unsought the Lord stretched forth His hand,
Drew me from nature's miry clay ;
My chains fell off at His command,
And my delusions passed away.

My eyes were opened to behold
The vileness of the dress I wore ;
I found that what I sought as gold,
Was worthless tinsel and no more.

The goodness of which once I dreamed,
All that I once thought fair and bright,
When on my heart the day-spring beamed,
No longer gave my soul delight.

I saw—and still more plainly see,
As dawn advances into day—
That there was no good thing in me,
To turn impending wrath away.

My heart, the more I looked within,
I found to be corrupt and vile ;
I saw that I could never win
By my own strength the Almighty's smile.

I saw myself an outcast, lost ;
I felt at length sin's fatal smart ;
Soon had despair, like northern frost,
Congealed the life-spring of my heart.

But One, of whom I oft had heard,
Although I knew Him but in name,
Clothed with new power God's holy word,
And lit within faith's living flame.

The Holy Spirit, heavenly dove !
Redemption's finished work displayed,
Showed me the depth of Jesu's love,
Who all my penalty had paid.

Then in sweet accents Jesus said,
" Come, weary one, to me and rest."
The invitation I obeyed ;
I came, and was completely blest.

I found in Him, without alloy,
All I had vainly sought elsewhere,
Pardon and health, and peace and joy,
And freedom from all earthly care.

I learnt, beneath His bitter cross,
That all earth's promises are vain ;
That all her richest gains are loss,
And now I know that loss is gain.

I know that it is gain to lose
E'en life itself for Jesu's sake ;
No suffering, therefore, I refuse,
But as a gift each cross would take.

'Tis true the flesh doth oft rebel,
And faith is often dull and weak,
But yet I know all must be well,
Though countless sorrows o'er me break.

Sorrows and sufferings are given
To vindicate God's holy law ;
They are as cords let down from heaven
Upwards the lingering heart to draw.

Deal with me, therefore, as 'Thou wilt,
Oh, Saviour ! only keep me Thine ;
Since Thou for me Thy blood hast spilt,
I do not wish to treasure mine.

I'll follow Thee, my God ! my Lord !
E'en unto prison and to death,
Only do Thou Thy grace afford,
Until I yield my latest breath.

Then take me to Thy blissful bowers,
Where joys unknown on earth abound :
Where ever bloom unfading flowers,
And only songs of praise resound.

HEBREWS, CHAP. I.

OH, Jesus! Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's face,
How can we all Thy love proclaim?
How rightly celebrate Thy name?

By Thee the worlds were framed of old;
Thou their vast fabric dost uphold;
In Thee all nations live and move,
Warmed by the sunshine of Thy love.

Yea! long ere sun and moon were made,
Or earth's foundations had been laid,
The hosts of heaven did Thee adore,
And veil the face Thy face before.

Yet Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
Didst veil in flesh Thy majesty,
That Thou to man, from heaven's Great King,
Glad tidings of His love might bring.

And more Thou didst that love display
By purging all our sin away,
When Thou, as man, Thy life didst give
Upon the cross, that man might live.

And though Thou art returned on high,
Thou, by Thy Spirit, still art nigh ;
Still, by Thy Spirit, Thou dost speak,
Dost still to save Thy lost ones seek.

Oh, Father ! give the listening ear,
That we the Saviour's voice may hear ;
And let us not such grace refuse,
Such love, such wondrous love, abuse.

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